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JULY 12, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Associated Press

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VOL. LXIV NO. 2

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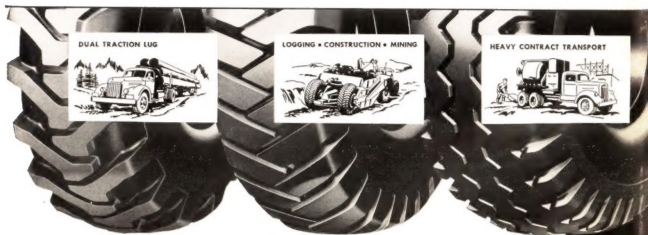


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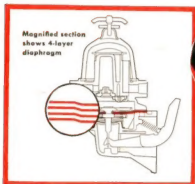


It's a day you'll never forget. There you stand as the minutes tick slowly by. And somewhere, the car that *was* to have picked you up is stalled. Any serviceman will tell you to check your fuel system twice a year. That goes for fuel pumps, too.

If your fuel pump is an AC—and 9 out of 10 are—it's precision-built to keep you out of trouble. But, normal wear can eventually cut down any fuel pump's efficiency. Have it checked—and if there is need for replacement, be sure you get an AC Fuel Pump—America's first and finest.

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LETTERS

The Oppenheimer Case

Sir:
More startling than the excellent exposition of the meat of the Oppenheimer case in *TIME*, June 28, was the box preceding it under the title "The Handout." *TIME* really outdid itself in this expression of journalistic candor for the professional intellectuals in journalism have loudly boasted for years about reporting in the "public interest." Now we see an enormous admission that some highly placed typescribers permitted themselves to accept handouts from a prejudiced side of a highly important public controversy and thus to distort the substance of a highly important decision. And lazy editors followed the lines handed out by Oppenheimer's lawyers.

... The left-wing slanting that has permeated our news in recent years is mostly the result of professional inculcations by professors bent upon turning out social "reformers"—journalistic socialists, that is.

KARL E. BRANDT

Chadds Ford, Pa.

Sir:
... You take for granted that a free play of ideas is easily separable from [Dr. Oppenheimer's] "peculiar attributes of character." The virtue in a free play of ideas is that it is creative, that it produces conceptions—technical or otherwise—that are new and valuable. But such conceptions, because new, are unconventional, and the mind able to discover them must have in its makeup at least some disregard for conventions and restrictions. Such disregard leads to peculiarities. Dr. Oppenheimer is a brilliant man, like most brilliant men, he is a peculiar

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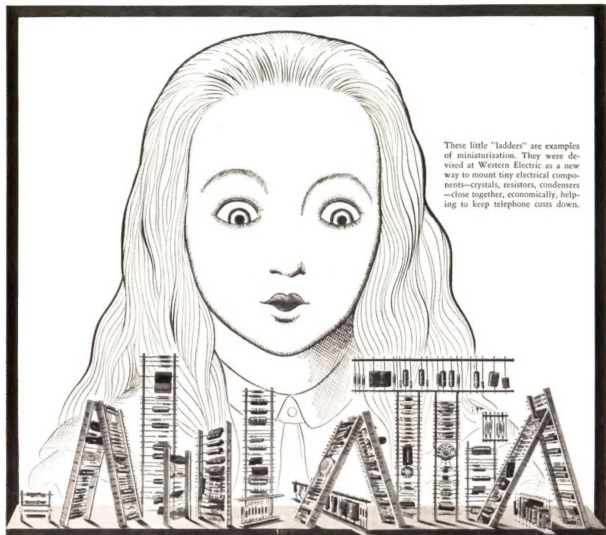
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TIME
July 12, 1954

Volume LXIV
Number 2



These little "ladders" are examples of miniaturization. They were devised at Western Electric as a new way to mount tiny electrical components—crystals, resistors, condensers—close together, economically, helping to keep telephone costs down.

Alice in Mini-Land

Your eyes—like Alice's—would widen to behold the improbable tininess of many things now going to work for you in telephone equipment. Making small things smaller goes on in a big way here at Western Electric where Bell telephone equipment is made.

And, it's big news for telephone users in two ways. For example, "miniaturization", as it's called, often lets designers plan telephone equipment so it costs less, works better, or both. Then, too, space saved on a small unit, repeated many, many times, grows and

grows in importance—until eventually thousands of dollars may be saved in costly building construction alone. All this means lower cost in running the telephone business.

So, Alice actually is looking at proof of the value of Western Electric's teamwork with its partners—Bell Laboratories and the Bell telephone operating companies. This teamwork is a big reason why your Bell telephone service has gone up in price so much less than most other things you buy.

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man. How can our government employ brilliant men without putting up with their peculiarities? . . .

RICHARD T. MOORE

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

. . . Oppenheimer's and McCarthy's assumption of their above-the-law status furnishes the pivot of rationalized excuse for vast numbers of either tempted or careless or ignorant lesser fry to flout or evade the law, including security regulations, as may seem best to their own individual judgments. This is so elemental that the almost universal failure of our scientists to sense its truths brings the scientific fraternity into question, posing one of the great paradoxes of our time. . . .

C. AUSTIN DE CAMP

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Sir:

. . . Your remarks concerning me in the Oppenheimer story [June 14] amount to character assassination of the grossest kind . . . They also reflect unfavorably on Oppenheimer, as well as on my friends, past and present . . . Before the war I had, among others, many associations with left-wingers, including Communists . . . My position was, and is, that of a fighting liberal. I have often agreed with the Communists and often disagreed with them . . . My life has been dedicated to truth, justice and freedom. If this be treason, make the most of it. . . .

Regarding the incident of which you give so fanciful a version . . . The facts of the case were set forth by Oppenheimer before a House committee as far back as 1948. I believe. Regarding his testimony he wrote me as follows in a letter dated Feb. 24, 1950:

"I can understand that an account of my testimony before the House committee could be helpful to you . . . I told them that I would like as far as possible to clear the record with regard to your alleged involvement in the atom business. I said that as far as I knew, you knew nothing of the A-bomb until it was announced after Hiroshima; and that most certainly you had never mentioned it or anything that could be connected with it to me. I said that you had never asked me to transmit any kind of information, nor suggested that I could do so, or that I consider doing so. I said that you had told me of a discussion of providing technical information to the U.S.S.R. which disturbed you considerably, and which you thought I ought to know about. There were surely many other points; but these were, I think, the highlights . . . As you know, I have been deeply disturbed by the threat to your career which these ugly stories could constitute. If I can help you in that, you may call on me—Sincerely yours, Robert Oppenheimer."

HAARON CHEVALIER

Paris

¶ Dr. Oppenheimer testified this year before the Atomic Energy Commission's personnel security board that he had lied repeatedly about the Chevalier incident (TIME, June 28). The truth, he swore, is: One night in the winter of 1942-43, Chevalier told him that a mutual acquaintance had a way of getting technical information to Soviet scientists. In reply, Dr. Oppenheimer told Chevalier that that was a terrible thing to do. According to Dr. Oppenheimer's testimony, Chevalier agreed.—Ed.

Pride of Lions

Sir:

With all due respect to the members of Rotary International, we of the mighty brotherhood of Lions International are

TIME, JULY 12, 1954



"DOES THIS MEAN ME?"

HIGHWAY SIGNS are for everyone's protection, Sonny.

But some motorists don't pay attention to them." Heed warning signs along the highways, and observe hand and mechanical signals. *Cooperate with your friend, the Traffic Officer.* Drive only at reasonable speeds. Slow down after dark. Keep in your own lane, and never insist on the "right of way." Pass only when you have clear vision ahead. Don't mix drinking and driving. Stay a safe distance behind the car in front of you. Have your car inspected

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growing mad. We protest that Rotary is not "the largest service club" [TIME, June 21]. Active membership of Lions International numbers 498,244, or approximately 108,000 greater. We flip our tails at you. For shame!
LION LEW EVANS

Detroit

Sir:

... Better check your facts in regard to which service organization is the largest. We expect approximately 40,000 Lions at our convention in New York early in July.

HARRY M. WHITE

Rogers, Ark.

¶ TIME hastily joins the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Lions—Ed.

Kith & Skin

Sir:

Your otherwise excellent article [June 7] on General Sir Gerald Templer was spoiled for me by the usual reference to "diehard British . . . made to open their posh clubs to men of all races . . ." Apart from General Templer not having done this, there was no necessity for him to do so. They are and have been for many years "open to men of all races." The fact is that people in their leisure hours generally enjoy the company of their own kith and kin, and tend to flock together . . . One never hears references to the exclusive Chinese clubs in Malaya, which are not open to Europeans . . . How many Negroes belong to the "posh" American clubs? Whatever our faults may be, we make a point of never stoning or assaulting the Asian families who move in next to us, which appears to be one of America's less attractive habits. I read with great distaste of youths stoning a pregnant Negro woman who had the temerity to live in the same neighborhood as some of your white Americans. This "diehard British" angle is a bit outmoded, and should be abandoned for some other angle of attack.

GEOFFREY TRUBSHAW

Bangkok, Thailand

Lost Harmony

Sir:

... Barbershop singing [TIME, June 21] ain't what she used to be. The traditional mellow harmony is gone. Today's S.P.E.B.S. etc. quartets alternately blast and whisper. We interpolate difficult swipes and key changes just for the spectacular hell of it. We usually sing without a trace of vibrato. All of this requires vocal precision beyond the capacity of most professionals. But we believe our name: "Preservation" of barbershop quartet singing? No!

SAMUEL A. WOOD

Baldwin, N.Y.

McCarthy & the Army [Contd.]

Sir:

Congratulations on your forthright and objective coverage of the McCarthy-Army hearings. I used to think Time was prejudiced, but your June 21 summary seems to me faultless—and I have watched all . . . of the TV hearings . . .

MARION H. BEMIS

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sir:

... The conduct of all persons concerned has been a national disgrace.

(S/SGT.) HARVEY L. SILVER

U.S.A.F.

Tachikawa, Japan

Sir:

BE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF WELCH'S LACHEY-MOSE DEFENSE OF HIS . . . YOUNG PARTNER FRED FISHER: ARE YOU REALLY SO SIMPLE AND ARE YOU REALLY SUCH A PUSHOVER FOR SUCH

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Ask us about thrifty Family Fares. Harry Sengstacken, Passenger Traffic Manager, 708 Union Station, Chicago 6.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

THE WAY TO TRAVEL AND SHIP

A PITIFUL HAM ACT? IF WEICH HAD BEEN ACCOMPANIED BY HEARTS AND FLOWERS, VOE STRICH HADN'T BROKEN DOWN AND SOBBER WITH HIM.

LON P. FLANIGAN

GENEVA, N.Y.

Sir:

Your obvious anti-McCarthy-Cohn reporting is unjust. Perhaps Senator McCarthy has what is sometimes called the Celtic inattention to exact statement. . . . He may not be gentle but he's a doer, and it's too bad we don't have more like him.

T. G. HAYDEN

Chicago

Sir:

The first proven strategist of the Army-McCarthy hearings is Senator Wilmington. He expertly advised Secretary Stevens that McCarthy would not fight by Marquis of Queensberry rules but by his own (Joe's), which we learned through *Time* [June 28] were taught him by Indian Charlie, the Below-the-Belt Kicker. In fact, Joe is . . . quite a kicker. . . . He is going to kick the brains out of anyone protecting Communists.

CHARLES RYAN

Belmont, Mass.

Sir:

For a magazine as large as yours, contributions toward original, creative terminology are plainly lacking. For example: to parallel the term "McCarthyism," you could coin or use a new word to represent the strongest opposite camp, such as "Malocrats" which could thereafter represent to your readers a group of Democrats for Malenkov or bad Democrats.

ED HENRY

Stillwater, Okla.

With Audubon in Arkansas

Sir:

It was with some shock and disgust that I read in your June 22 issue the appellation, "John McClellan, the old Arkansas huzzard." I do not know Senator McClellan . . . except what I have seen and heard . . . during the McCarthy hearings.

WM. C. STEWART

Los Angeles

Q TIME meant that the Senator was durable, useful, sharp-eyed, discerning, but not universally loved, and no stranger to Arkansas. Ed.

Well-Adjusted Horse

Sir:

Commenting on the colt Landau in *TIME*'s [June 14] story on the [British] Derby, you said Landau "had been so temperamental lately that he had had to be attended by a psychiatric horse doctor."

Landau is neither nervy nor temperamental. . . . This year he had shown, in public, resistance to driving pressure from his rider which had prevented him showing his ability in [a previous race]. I was invited to treat him . . . and (since) the treatment, there has been no record of his resistance. . . . The technique used is one that substitutes, for existing impulses in the nervous system, impulses that dictate the conduct or condition desired. It is a non-physical treatment of the nervous system. . . .

Before taking to this work . . . I was in practice for about twelve years in Harley Street. Some of my patients might find it a little surprising to see me described as a psychiatric horse doctor. This work is completely outside the sphere of physical science, medical or veterinary. . . .

CHARLES BROOK

London

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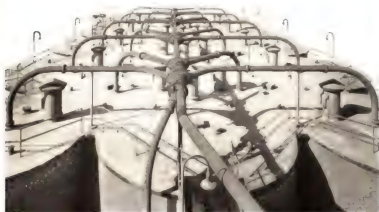
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Steel Centipede. With legs and body segments of USS National Pipe, this centipedelike structure rests atop the storage silos at a Portland cement mill. In more than 95% of the cement plants in our country, a maze of pipe like this is used as an air conveyor system to transport pulverized materials efficiently, quickly and economically. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



Roll Out The Barrel! That's exactly what happens when barrels are used as shipping containers. They get rolled. And they also get bounced, battered, beaten and bumped during shipments. But if they're bound with tough, strong USS Steel Hoops, they usually come up smiling for the next trip!

so well



Can You Find The Steel in this picture? Steel comes in so many forms, does so many jobs, that lots of times we don't even realize its presence in common objects like these. Holding the corsage together . . . fastening the little tab on the milk bottle cap . . . binding the matches into their cover . . . is steel in the form of wire. Thousands of miles of fine, sturdy wire, made by U.S. Steel, are used every year in such familiar items.

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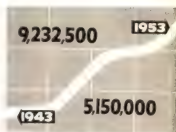
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The first dial was put there
by an Independent
Telephone Company!

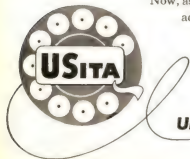
*Now 74% of all telephones
in the United States are dial*



TELEPHONES IN SERVICE
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

We recently mailed out to journalists, educators and advertisers a booklet entitled A Matter of Manner. Its purpose is to highlight the quality of TIME's writing, a quality that we are inclined to take for granted when we think in terms of TIME's primary job of covering the news.

"This booklet," the foreword points out, "disregards the matter of TIME's reporting to concentrate on the manner. What you will find are 'fragments'—sometimes a whole story, but as often as not a single sentence from a story, or a paragraph."

Early reactions have been so favorable that I thought regular TIME-readers might like copies for themselves. If you would like one, just drop me a line.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner





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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A Time for Reappraisal

"I will not be a party to any treaty that makes anybody a slave; now that is all there is to it."

With that unequivocal statement, the President of the U.S. last week summed up his answers to a series of news-



MAJORITY LEADER KNOWLAND
For a grave question...

conference questions about France's impending surrender to the Communists in Indo-China. But even as Dwight Eisenhower spoke, there were sharp new illustrations that the key allies of the U.S. did not participate in this firm resolution.

In Geneva, self-shorn of any chance to drive a hard bargain, France was fashioning a settlement that could mean nothing but another sweeping victory for Communism in Asia. In a bitter preview of what was to come, the French forces in Indo-China—without warning or consulting the U.S.—were abandoning 3,000,000 Vietnamese to Communist conquest and slavery (see FOREIGN NEWS). These events illustrated anew the unhappy fact that France is rapidly abdicating its long-tenuous role as a first-class world power.

As the President's statement blazed from the headlines, Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden came back to Man-

hattan from a trip to Canada and embarked on the *Queen Elizabeth* for home. They refused to talk to the press, were plainly dissatisfied with the results of their visit to the U.S. Their silent departure was, in a sense, a sad epilogue to Churchill's personal attempt to cover a compound fracture of policy with a patch of his own valiant personality. Churchill and Eden were plainly bent on what the Prime Minister called "peaceful coexistence" with the Communists. Peaceful coexistence has a wide range of meanings in the thermonuclear world, but there was every indication that the British translation means continued retreat in the face of Communist pressure.

As the *Queen Elizabeth* was about to sail, the most ominous word to come from the British-U.S. talks filtered out to public earshot: Britain was arguing that the Chinese Communist government might have to be admitted as a member of the United Nations. On Capitol Hill the news of Sir Winston Churchill's urgings on Eisenhower set off a dramatic display of bipartisan unity (see below) against U.N. membership for the aggressors of Peking.

The words and deeds of the week, demonstrating a further tendency toward weakness in France and Britain, and a renewed will for strength in the U.S., constituted a clear call for the "agonizing reappraisal" of U.S. foreign policy that John Foster Dulles mentioned six months ago in his dramatic appeal to the French to stand fast against Communist encroachment.

A Bipartisan Position

How would the U.S. react if Communist China were admitted to the United Nations? For that question last week, there came a clear, bipartisan answer. Across the center aisle of the U.S. Senate, Republican Leader William Knowland and Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson agreed that the people of the U.S. do not want Communist China in the U.N., and do not want a U.N. that includes Communism in China.

The question arose on the Senate floor just after Sir Winston Churchill had sailed for home. Up Pennsylvania Avenue, from the White House, came word that Prime Minister Churchill had told President Eisenhower that there may be a British-sponsored drive to admit Red China to the U.N. this fall. Dwight Eisenhower snapped out a firm, quick reply: the U.S. is more opposed than ever to giving China's U.N. seat to the Reds.

On Capitol Hill, the President's statement got quick confirmation. The first to react was California's Senator William Knowland, who rose and asked a sharp question: "Are the hundreds of American prisoners killed in cold blood with their hands tied behind their backs to become the forgotten men, while the bloodstained hands of the Communist murderer are



MINORITY LEADER JOHNSON
... a responsible answer.

clashed in fraternal greeting by our allies in the United Nations Building in New York?" Then he took his position: "On the day that Communist China is voted into membership into the United Nations, I shall resign my majority leadership in the Senate so that . . . I can devote my full efforts . . . to terminate United States membership in that organization and our financial support to it."

Some Democratic Senators, e.g., Arkansas' William Fulbright and New York's Herbert Lehman, promptly rose to rebuke Knowland for his stand. But Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson, a Democrat who seldom hesitates to support a Republican position if he believes it is best for the country, stood firmly beside the majority leader. Said he: "The American people want no appeasement of Communists. The American people will refuse to support the United Nations if Red China becomes a member."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Gain Among Losses

For Western diplomats, it was a week of compromise, indecision and foreboding, but in the general gloom Secretary Dulles found one solid, significant triumph for U.S. and inter-American diplomacy: the ouster of the Communist-dominated government in Guatemala.

The events in Guatemala (see HEMISPHERE), Dulles told a nationwide radio and TV audience, "expose the evil purpose of the Kremlin to destroy the inter-American system, and they test the ability of the American states to maintain the peaceful integrity of this hemisphere. For several years now . . . Communism has been probing . . . for nesting places in the Americas. It finally chose Guatemala . . ."

The Red nest in Guatemala, the Secre-

Despite this victory, Dulles warned, the need for vigilance is great. "Communism is still a menace everywhere, but the people of the United States and the other American republics can . . . feel that at least one grave danger has been averted . . . The unscrupulous will be less prone to feel that Communism is the wave of their future."

THE PRESIDENCY

Romantic Evening

Down among the sheltering palms, O honey, wait for me . . . Meet me down by the old Golden Gate, Out where the sun goes down about eight . . .

Lieut. Dwight Eisenhower, 10th Infantry, U.S.A., and Miss Mamie Doud were

days when Ike was courting Mamie, e.g., selections from *The Chocolate Soldier*; the conversation was full of sentimental remembrances. The song that stopped the table talk, stretched Ike's grin to capacity and moved Mamie to clap her hands, was *Down Among the Sheltering Palms*, a national hit in 1915 and still the President's alltime favorite.

Waltzes & Blushes. After dinner the President and First Lady led their guests to the East Room. To the dum-dum-dum strains of the wedding march from *Lohengrin*. There was a short string concert by members of the Air Force Symphony Orchestra, and then Ike helped pass around the West Point song books. For two hours the Class of 1915 sang the old songs, with assistance from the orchestra. When the old grandfather clock in the East Room chimed midnight, the orchestra played *The Anniversary Waltz*. The President bowed to Mamie, caught her around the waist and swung her expertly around the polished floor for a few turns before they both gave up in laughter and embarrassment. Afterwards, Ike recalled that it was the first time he and Mamie had danced together since 1938.

The next afternoon the President took a few minutes off to pose with the First Lady for photographers on the White House south lawn. Mamie, resplendent in a white silk dress, proudly fingered a new diamond-studded gold pendant, Ike's anniversary present. When a photographer suggested that she put her arm around the President, Mamie laughed and nudged Ike. "Oh no," she exclaimed. "You're the one who's supposed to put your arm around me—" Ike blushed under his tan and declined to hug his wife in public; Mamie affectionately hooked her arm through his.

As the photographers were leaving, Ike waved and called: "Well, when we have our fiftieth anniversary, we'll see you—I hope."



United Press

Mr. & Mrs. EISENHOWER
After wars, triumphs, tragedies and 38 years.

tary pointed out, was "a direct challenge to the Monroe Doctrine, the first and most fundamental of our foreign policies." Dulles noted that the doctrine itself came into existence as a result of Russian designs on the Americas, and then traced the more recent spread of the Red fever in the Central American republic. Ousted President Arbenz of Guatemala, said Dulles bluntly, "was openly manipulated by the leaders of Communism."

Dulles had praise for all concerned in the successful revolution: the U.N. Security Council for refusing to take up the matter (and put it into the path of the U.S.S.R.'s veto), the Organization of American States for swiftly dispatching a peace commission to Guatemala, and the "loyal citizens of Guatemala who, in the face of terrorism and violence and against what seemed insuperable odds, had the courage and the will to eliminate the traitorous tools of foreign despotism."

married in Denver on a July afternoon in 1916. It was the time of the hobble skirt, the Pianola and the maxixe, the year that Woodrow Wilson won his second term as President by the margin of 3,806 California votes. It was a time of gathering tension, and because of trouble on the Mexican border, the Eisenhower-Doud wedding was held four months earlier than had been planned. The bridegroom, just promoted to first lieutenant, didn't have time to get new silver bars for his uniform on his wedding day.

Songs & Remembrances. Last week, after wars, tragedies, triumphs and 38 years together, Ike and Mamie Eisenhower celebrated their wedding anniversary in the White House. Ninety-three guests, members of Ike's West Point class (1915), their wives and a few widows, came for dinner on the anniversary eve. Through dinner the scarlet-coated Marine Band orchestra played nostalgic songs from the

THE CONGRESS

Full Speed Ahead

Last week the 83rd Congress finally began to move full speed ahead. Working long hours (the Senate one night was in session until two minutes before midnight), both houses faced and dealt with major legislation. The sum of the week's work: a major gain for Dwight Eisenhower's legislative program.

¶ On foreign aid, the House approved an authorization bill giving the President almost exactly what he wanted.

¶ On the farm program, the House approved a compromise bill that knocked the props from under the high, rigid support bloc in Washington.

¶ On taxes, the Senate, more by accident than through shrewd strategy, approved the Administration's controversial tax-revision bill in a form that would meet with Ike's approval.

There is a good reason for the burst of speed on Capitol Hill: this is an election year, and the politicians are anxious to get

home. Majority Leader Bill Knowland has set July 31 as the target date for adjournment, and after last week's accomplishments, the prospects of hitting it look bright.

For the "Little Fellow"

For months in the Senate, the Republican leadership had known that the Democrats would make a hard try to tack an income-tax-cutting amendment onto the Administration's bulky (875 pages) tax-revision bill. Georgia's Walter George had first proposed a \$200 increase in the personal exemption, later cut it to \$100 when the Republicans stood firm against it. But tax cuts are always the sweetest of music in an election year; at the last minute the G.O.P. leaders thought they were whipped.

The "Sequence of Things." The day after Senate debate on the bill began last week, the Republican Policy Committee sat down in the Senate Secretary's office and heard the bad news: they were half a dozen votes short of enough to push their bill through; the George amendment would carry. New York's Irving Ives, while he promised to stick with the party, grumbled that the G.O.P. was going to take a licking come November if it did not do something for the "little fellow." A number of other Republicans, especially those up for re-election this year, shared the Ives sentiment.

The task of doing something for the "little fellow" fell to Colorado's Gene Millikin, whose Finance Committee had reported out the revision bill. The next morning Millikin padded into the Senate, got the attention of the chair, asked the clerk to read a spanking new amendment his staff had pieced together overnight. (It would give a \$20 tax credit to every individual not benefiting from other provisions of the bill.) Tennessee's Albert Gore wanted to know why Millikin had been so late in introducing his amendment. What was the motivation? Blandly, Millikin made his reply: "The motivation of the sequence of things to come before the Senate is to be found in the decisions that are made leading to these developments." Translated, this means, "We both know damn well what I'm up to, but I deny everything."

Distress & Surprise. The Republican strategy conceived by Millikin was intended simply to head off the George amendment with a more palatable substitute. The George amendment would drain \$2.4 billion from the Treasury; the Millikin amendment would cut Government revenue only \$960 million. Much to the distress of the Republicans, the Democrats (joined by Maverick Republican Bill Langer) voted down Millikin's amendment 49-46. Then, much to their own surprise, the Republicans, joined by Virginia's Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson, Colorado's Edwin Johnson and Florida's Spessard Holland, defeated the George amendment 49-46.

Neither party could claim it had cut taxes for the "little fellow," but 92 Senators could go home and tell the home



COLORADO'S MILLIKIN.
A plug without a drain.

folks they had plugged for a tax cut. The Senate action was an Eisenhower victory. After all the marching up and down hill, the Senate had brought out substantially the bill that the Administration had wanted from the beginning.

The First Hurdle

Looking ahead last winter, Speaker Joe Martin had predicted that foreign aid would run into stormy weather when it reached the House. He was right. But last week the biggest men in the House, on both sides of the aisle, joined forces to push the Eisenhower Administration's foreign-aid bill through. 260-126.

The big bipartisan move began when



TEXAS' RAYBURN
A plea with a principle.

Minority Leader Rayburn strode down the aisle. The 372 members present stopped their chattering as respected Sam Rayburn turned to the House.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I am supporting this bill. I am not supporting it grudgingly. I am supporting it wholeheartedly . . . Do we want allies? We do and we must have them. And after they have been broken by war and its devastation, they must have help from somewhere. I am willing to give it to them . . . I am willing to spend some billions to help our allies and other democracies of the world to be strong and stay strong . . . I plead with you . . . to do the thing here today to preserve, protect, defend and perpetuate not only this, the greatest democracy that ever existed in all the tide of time, but the other democracies of this unhappy, this distraught and this dangerous world."

There was loud applause as the bald minority leader went back to his seat on the Democratic side of the chamber. The Democrats followed statesmanlike leadership. When the final vote had been tallied, 141 Democrats, 118 Republicans and one Independent (Ohio's Frazier Reams) were on record as favoring a \$3,368,608,000 mutual-security program (only \$109 million was cut from the original bill). Now the bill goes to the Senate, where the forecast is the same as it was in the House: trouble.

Unexpected Compromise

Two hours before the voting began. Republican leaders in the House would not have given a wet wheat beard for the Benson farm program's chances. Indiana's Charlie Halleck, who has been the Administration's strong right arm in the House, conceded to friends that he was licked. Then the House noisily pulled the biggest surprise of the 83rd Congress by voting down a continuation of rigid 90% of parity price supports on the basic crops. It approved, instead, a system of flexible supports pegged on 82½ to 90% of parity. This was a compromise, but a compromise almost no one expected.

Last week's vote on the farm bill was probably the Administration's biggest victory in this session of Congress. Politically more important than the basic victory was the fact that the Republicans had lined up impressively behind the Administration. In the pre-vote surveys, Republicans were expected to vote two or three to one in favor of the Administration. They astounded everyone by standing behind Ike's farm program eight to one. Said a G.O.P. leader: "The same thing that made us support his program today is going to re-elect Republicans in November: the voters' feeling that Eisenhower's program deserves a fair chance and real support."

In the Senate, where Agriculture Committee Chairman George Aiken had been predicting "a bare majority" for the Benson program, the House vote changed the odds. Said Vermont's Aiken: "We'll get an adequate majority."

THE ATOM

Case Concluded

A fortnight ago, five men met in the office of Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss to express their opinions on an explosive personnel matter. Strauss spoke first, and then each of the other four commissioners had his say. At the end their decision was clear: they stood 4-1 for a vote of no confidence in Atomic Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer.

For nearly a week after that basic decision was made, the commissioners worked long and hard preparing their statements on the case. Finally last week, they issued a series of opinions (see box) that followed three main lines of reasoning:

¶ The majority opinion, signed by Commissioners Strauss, Eugene M. Zuckert and Joseph Campbell, held that: "Concern for the defense and security of the United States requires that Dr. Oppenheimer's [security] clearance should not be reinstated."

¶ A closely reasoned concurring opinion, by Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, moved a long step beyond the majority statement. Concluded Murray: Oppenheimer "was disloyal."

¶ The lone dissent, filed by Commissioner Henry DeWolf Smyth, held that Dr. Oppenheimer "is completely loyal and is not a security risk."

The majority finding confirmed the judgment of the special board headed by onetime Army Secretary Gordon Gray. But there were two important differences. Where the Gray board had commended Oppenheimer's discretion with secret data, the AEC majority was significantly silent. Where the Gray board criticized Oppenheimer's opposition to H-bomb development, the commissioners held that the physicist's policy opinions are not relevant to his security status.

Thus, the AEC acted to silence the criticism that Oppenheimer had been punished because he was not "enthusiastic" about the H-bomb. Like the Gray board, the AEC gave great weight to Dr. Oppenheimer's untruthfulness about security matters, e.g., his admitted lies about the approach made to him by Communist-tainted Haakon Chevalier, who told him that a mutual acquaintance had a way of getting information to the Communists.⁹

Oppenheimer, who had remained silent after the Gray board's decision, issued a statement remarkable in its restraint: "Dr. Smyth's fair and considered statement, made with full knowledge of the facts, says what needs to be said."

The next day, President Eisenhower said that if Oppenheimer wanted to appeal to the White House, he would be heard. An appeal, commented Oppenheimer, "had not occurred to me until the President suggested it." But whether or not Oppenheimer appeals, there is little likelihood that the AEC decision will be overruled. The case is settled, although the arguments about it are not.

* For Chevalier's comment on the incident, see LETTERS.

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE

What the AEC Said

S AID the AEC majority: "The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 lays upon the commissioners the duty to reach a determination as to 'the character, associations and loyalty' of the individuals engaged in the work of the commission. Thus, disloyalty would be one basis for disqualification, but it is only one. Substantial defects of character and imprudent and dangerous associations . . . are also reasons for disqualification . . . Prior to these proceedings, the derogatory information in Government files concerning Dr. Oppenheimer had never been weighed by any board on the basis of sworn testimony . . ."

"We find Dr. Oppenheimer is not entitled to the continued confidence of the Government and of this commission because of the proof of fundamental defects in his 'character' . . . The record shows that Dr. Oppenheimer has consistently placed himself outside the rules which govern others. He has falsified in matters wherein he was charged with grave responsibilities in the national interest."

Examples of this character defect cited by the majority included:

¶ The Haakon Chevalier incident: "It is not clear today whether the account Dr. Oppenheimer gave to Colonel Pash [of military intelligence] in 1943 concerning the Chevalier incident or the story he told the Gray board last month is the true version. If Dr. Oppenheimer lied in 1943, as he now says he did, he committed the crime of knowingly making false and material statements to a federal officer. If he lied to the board, he committed perjury in 1954."

¶ Rudy Lambert: "In 1943 Dr. Oppenheimer indicated to Colonel Lansdale [another military intelligence officer] that he did not know Rudy Lambert, a Communist Party functionary. In fact, Dr. Oppenheimer asked Colonel Lansdale what Lambert looked like. Now, however, Dr. Oppenheimer under oath has admitted that he knew and had seen Lambert at least half a dozen times prior to 1943; he supplied a detailed description of Lambert . . . and [said] that he knew at the time that Lambert was an official in the Communist Party."

¶ The Bernard Peters incident: "In 1949 Dr. Oppenheimer testified before a closed session of the House Un-American Activities Committee about the Communist Party membership and activities of Dr. Bernard Peters. A summary of Dr. Oppenheimer's testimony subsequently appeared in a newspaper, the Rochester Times-Union. Dr. Oppenheimer then wrote a letter to that newspaper. The effect of that letter was to contradict the testimony he had given a Congressional committee."

¶ Joseph Weinberg: "In 1950 Dr. Oppen-

heimer told an agent of the FBI that he had not known Joseph Weinberg to be a member of the Communist Party until that fact became public knowledge. Yet on Sept. 12, 1943, Dr. Oppenheimer told Colonel Lansdale that Weinberg was a Communist Party member."

Continued the commissioners: "The work of military intelligence, the FBI, and the AEC—all, at one time or another, have felt the effect of his falsehoods, evasions and misrepresentations. Dr. Oppenheimer's persistent and willful disregard for the obligations of security is evidenced by his obstruction of inquiries by security officials . . . Under oath he now admits that his refusal to name the individual [Chevalier] impeded the Government's investigation of espionage . . ."

"Dr. Oppenheimer's close association with Communists is another part of the pattern of his disregard of the obligations of security. Dr. Oppenheimer, under oath, admitted to the Gray board that from 1937 to at least 1942 he made regular and substantial contributions in cash to the Communist Party. He has admitted that he was a fellow traveler at least until 1942. He admits that he attended small evening meetings at private homes at which most, if not all, of the others present were Communist Party members. He was in contact with officials of the Communist Party, some of whom had been engaged in espionage. His activities were of such a nature that these Communists looked upon him as one of their number . . . We find that his associations with persons known to him to be Communists have extended far beyond the tolerable limits of prudence and self-restraint . . . These associations have lasted too long to be justified as merely the intermittent and accidental revival of earlier friendships." Example: "His admitted meetings with Haakon Chevalier in Paris as recently as last December—the same individual who had been intermediary for the Soviet consulate in 1943."

Ruled the majority: "Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer is hereby denied access to restricted data."

Commissioner Zuckert, onetime Assistant Air Force Secretary and an assistant dean at Harvard, explained in an additional statement why he felt there was no alternative way to dispose of the Oppenheimer case. Said he: "The commission might merely allow Dr. Oppenheimer's consultant's contract to lapse when it expires on June 30, 1954, and thereafter not use his services. I . . . have concluded that [this] is not practical . . . The commission's clearance has permitted Dr. Oppenheimer to carry out his role as an active consultant of scientists. For exam-

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSIONERS^o

ple. Los Alamos laboratory reports on the most intimate details of the progress of the thermonuclear and fission programs have continued to flow to him . . . I think the commission is clearly obligated to determine . . . whether scientists may continue to call upon him, as they have in the past, in regard to highly classified material . . . Any other action would merely postpone the problem."

THE SMYTH DISSENT

Physicist Smyth, author of the famed Smyth Report on the atomic bomb and the only scientist among the commissioners, reasoned: "Since Dr. Oppenheimer is one of the most knowledgeable and lucid physicists we have, his services could be of great value to the country in the future. Therefore, the only question being determined by the AEC is whether there is a possibility that Dr. Oppenheimer will intentionally or unintentionally reveal secret information to persons who should not have it . . . There is no indication in the entire record that Dr. Oppenheimer has ever divulged any secret information." Among Smyth's specific points:

❑ "The Chevalier incident . . . is inexcusable. But that was eleven years ago; there is no subsequent act even faintly similar."

❑ Later meetings with Haakon Chevalier were "isolated visits [which] may have been unwise, but there is no evidence that they had any security significance."

❑ Oppenheimer's meetings with Communists "are nothing more than occasional incidents in a complex life, and they were not sought by Dr. Oppenheimer."

❑ "There was no evidence that he was a member of the party in the strict sense of the word . . . The Communists with whom he was deeply involved were all related to him by personal ties . . . While there are self-serving claims by Communists on record as to Dr. Oppenheimer's adherence to the party, none of these is attributed to Communists who actually knew him."

Concluded Smyth: "The conclusion drawn by the majority from the evidence is so extreme as to endanger the security system . . . If a man protects the secrets he has in his hands and his head, he has shown essential regard for the security system . . . In these times, failure to employ a man of great talents may impair the strength and power of this country. Yet I would accept this loss if I doubted the loyalty of Dr. Oppenheimer, or his ability to hold his tongue. I have no such doubts."

THE MURRAY OPINION

Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, industrial engineer, inventor and onetime director of the Chrysler Corp., concurred in the majority decision, but he went further in stressing the seriousness of disrespect for laws under a government of laws rather than men. Said he: "The primary issue is the meaning of loyalty . . . The idea of loyalty has emotional connotations; it is related to the idea of love, a man's love of his country. However, the substance of loyalty does not reside solely in feeling or sentiment. It cannot be defined solely in terms of love. The English word 'loyal' comes to us from the Latin adjective 'legalis,' which means 'according to the law' . . . To be loyal, in Webster's definition, is to be 'faithful to the lawful government or to the sovereign to whom one is subject.' This faithfulness is a matter of obligation; it is a duty owed. This general definition of loyalty assumes a sharper meaning within the special conditions of the present crisis. The premise of the concrete, contemporary definition of loyalty is the fact of the Communist conspiracy . . .

"On the domestic front this problem has been met by the erection of a system of laws and executive orders . . . American citizens who have the privilege of participating in the operations of Government, especially in sensitive agencies, are

necessarily subject to this special system of law. Consequently, their . . . loyalty must be judged by the standard of their obedience to security regulations . . . This security system is not perfect in its structure or in its mode of operation. Perfection would be impossible . . . Those who are affected by the system have a particular right to criticize it. But they have no right to defy or disregard it."

"The record of [Oppenheimer's] actions reveals a frequent and deliberate disregard of those security regulations which restrict a man's associations. He was engaged in a highly delicate area of security; within this area he occupied a most sensitive position. The requirement that a man in this position should relinquish the right to the complete freedom of association that would be his in other circumstances is altogether a reasonable and necessary requirement . . . It was particularly essential in the case of Dr. Oppenheimer. It will not do to plead that Dr. Oppenheimer revealed no secrets to the Communists and fellow travelers with whom he chose to associate. What is incompatible with obedience to the laws of security is the associations themselves, however innocent in fact . . .

"Those who stand within the security system are not free to refuse their cooperation with the workings of the system, much less to confuse or obstruct them, especially by falsifications and fabrications . . . This cooperation should be active and honest . . . No matter how high a man stands in the service of his country he still stands under the law."

With that, Murray applied his definition of loyalty to the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer: "It was reasonable to expect that he would be particularly scrupulous in his fidelity to security regulations. These regulations are the special test of the loyalty of the American citizen who serves his Government in the sensitive area of the atomic energy program. Dr. Oppenheimer did not meet this decisive test. He was disloyal."

^o Murray, Smyth, Campbell, Zucker, Straus.

POLITICAL NOTES

Brief Forever

When Wyoming Democrat Joseph Christopher O'Mahoney was defeated in 1952, after serving 19 years in the U.S. Senate, he announced sadly that he was through with politics forever. Last week aging (69) Joe O'Mahoney filed as a candidate for the nomination for Senator.

O'Mahoney had succumbed to the pressure of fellow Democrats, who turned to

politicians gave him little chance against Kefauver. But in recent weeks he has pushed his way into Tennessee living rooms with the persistent zeal of a brush salesman. His technique is the marathon radio and television appearance, in which he sits before microphone and camera hour after hour answering questions submitted by listeners. His latest endurance broadcast began in Memphis at 7:30 p.m. one day last week, and ended 27 hours later. He was heard on eight radio and two

ka politicians based their calculations on his retirement or death. But he upset all of the carefully made plans by living to see two outstate Senators, Kenneth Wherry and Dwight Griswold, die in office. Then, in Bethesda Naval Hospital one night last week, Hugh Butler, at 76, died of a stroke.

Under the Door. His death, which came on the last day for filing in the primary elections, caused an unseemly scramble in Nebraska. Less than 90 minutes after Butler died, a Lincoln attorney representing fiery-eyed ex-Congressman Howard Buffett of Omaha knocked on the door of Secretary of State Frank Marsh's home in Lincoln, and asked Marsh to accept Buffett's filing for Butler's unexpired term. Secretary Marsh, holding that the deadline had passed when he locked his statehouse office at 5 p.m., refused. Later that night, in the quiet darkness of the statehouse, Lincoln Public-Relations Man John Quinn carefully slipped his own filing under the door of Marsh's office.

Because of Marsh's ruling, Attorney General C. S. Beck told the G.O.P. and Democratic State Central Committees to name candidates for the Aug. 10 primary within three days. At week's end the committees named their men. For the Republicans: able, first-term Congressman Roman Hruska, 49, of Omaha. For the Democrats: James F. Green, 37, an Omaha lawyer known chiefly as a twice unsuccessful candidate for national commander of the American Legion.

An hour later Buffett filed an appeal with the State Supreme Court, left the G.O.P. thoroughly confused. Meanwhile, Republican Governor Robert B. Crosby broke tradition by naming an interim replacement for Butler (to serve until November) even before the Senator's funeral could be held. His choice: Republican Sam Reynolds, Omaha coal dealer.

Three Senators. All this means that Nebraskans, for the first time in history, will elect three U.S. Senators in November. One will finish the remaining four years of Butler's term. One will finish the last two months of the expiring term left vacant by Griswold's death this spring (now filled by Interim Appointee Eva Bowring). The third will begin a new six-year term as successor to Senator Bowring's successor, whoever that may be.

As the hectic week ended, Governor Crosby, a candidate for the full Senate term, summed up the situation. The "bitterly unfortunate" state election law, he said, had forced Nebraskans to act as though they were "lacking in decorum."

He Who Smiles Last

No one really disliked New Jersey's junior U.S. Senator, Robert Hendrickson, but he was considered a political deadweight. Private polls showed that he could not win the general election in November, and perhaps not even the primary. The G.O.P. turned on the pressure, urged him to withdraw in favor of able ex-Congressman Clifford Case. Finally, party leaders told Hendrickson bluntly that he must go



AIR ATTACK IN TENNESSEE
New lift from an old line.

Curley Bruner

him after Democratic Senator Lester Callaway Hunt shot himself to death last month (TIME, June 28). Considered the only Democrat who has a chance to keep Lester Hunt's seat for the party, O'Mahoney will have no trouble getting the nomination. But the election will be a different matter. O'Mahoney's opponents are sure to charge that the former Senator, who stayed in Washington to practice law after he was defeated, has lost touch with Wyoming. The probable Republican nominee, Congressman-at-large William Henry Harrison, is a proven vote getter; in 1952 he polled 76,161 votes, an alltime Wyoming record. Prognosis on Wyoming's U.S. Senate race in November: close.

Trouble for Estes

One day last week a helicopter augured through the summer air over Dyersburg (pop. 10,000) in West Tennessee, and settled down on the municipal football field. Out stepped U.S. Representative Pat Sutton to greet and meet a crowd of voters. Some had come only because they had never seen a helicopter before, but they stayed to listen. Certainly, none of them had ever seen a political campaign quite like the one Pat Sutton is waging against Estes Kefauver for the Democratic senatorial nomination.

A Navy veteran with six years in Congress, Pat Sutton, 38, was not well-known outside his own Sixth District (west central Tennessee) a month ago, and poli-

TV stations, collected \$5,500 from sympathetic listeners.

When Sutton talks about Kefauver, which is most of the time, he talks tough. Some of his charges are extravagant, but they are hard on Estes. He accuses Kefauver of being "leftish," and a coward. Sutton has also made race an issue by quoting from a Negro newspaper that reported Kefauver as saying during his futile 1952 presidential bid that there would be no segregation if he were elected. Says Sutton: "We don't know if that's still the way he feels. He hasn't said. He was running for President then, and is now running for the Senate."

National political pundits had been curious whether Nashville Lawyer Ray Jenkins, the special counsel in the Army-McCarthy hearings, could whip Estes Kefauver. At week's end Jenkins settled that question by announcing he would not run. Kefauver's friends, who had not been worried much about Jenkins (or any other Republican), were not necessarily cheered. They were seriously concerned about Pat Sutton and the Democratic primary, and were advising Estes: stay home and start fighting.

A Question of Decorum

In Nebraska tradition dictates that one U.S. Senator come from Omaha and one from outstate. For 14 years the Senator from Omaha was Republican Hugh Butler, and ever since World War II, Nebras-

—but let him know that such unselfish sacrifice would not be forgotten. Hurt, and a little bewildered, Hendrickson withdrew this spring. Thus Case was assured the Republican nomination.

Not long after these careful arrangements were made, the New Jersey G.O.P. was rocked by a full-blown scandal: the late Harold Hoffman, onetime (1935-37) Republican governor and later an appointed state official, had embezzled \$300,000 while in office (TIME, June 28). The explosive revelation meant real trouble for every New Jersey Republican running this year, including Clifford Case.

One day last week, as the scandal still simmered, it was announced that Hendrickson will be appointed to the federal bench (he turned down the ambassadorship to New Zealand). Loyal Partyman Hendrickson smiled broadly for the photographers, as well he might. Not many Republican politicians in New Jersey know exactly where they will stand after November, but Bob Hendrickson does.

ARMED FORCES

A Better Slingshot

The hydraulic catapults on U.S. aircraft carriers have figured in a long series of postwar accidents, e.g., the explosion that took 103 lives on the U.S.S. *Bennington* (TIME, June 7). Last week the Navy announced that it is abandoning the hydraulic catapult. A steam-powered model of British design, already tested successfully aboard the U.S.S. *Hancock*, will be installed on all American carriers. The steam catapult, utilizing a hooked piston riding in a slotted cylinder, is safer than the old hydraulic model because it uses no highly volatile, explosive liquids.

But the chief reason for the change is not safety. The Navy switched to the "steam slingshot" mainly because it is faster and vastly more powerful. On larger carriers like the *Forrestal*, four steam catapults will launch as many as 32 interceptors in four minutes.

LABOR

\$120 Million for Dave

In a televised ceremony at Pittsburgh's William Penn Hotel last week, U.S. Steel Vice President John Stephens and President Dave McDonald of the 1,200,000-man United Steel Workers (C.I.O.) signed a new contract with surprisingly generous terms. The industry generally fell in line. Wages went up 5¢ an hour (to an average \$93.60 for a 40-hour week), medical benefits 2¢ an hour, and top pensions from \$100 monthly to \$140. Total benefits: 9 to 12¢ an hour, adding at least \$120 million to steel's annual \$3.6 billion wage bill.

To help pay the expense, the industry forthwith upped basic steel prices \$3 a ton. As usual, steel will probably set a national pattern for the year: peaceful labor agreements, with 5¢-an-hour wage raises, more fringe benefits and slight price rises.

With production down to two-thirds of

capacity—and with ample inventory—steel management might have been expected to ride out a strike rather than cut narrowed profit margins any further. Why did the managers agree without a fight? Partly because they acknowledged an obligation to increase fringe benefits, frozen by contract since 1949. But a more significant reason was their high regard for U.S.W. President McDonald. By giving him a fat new contract without trouble, management also gave him increased prestige and power to match up against his old antagonist, C.I.O. President Walter Reuther. Said one top steel executive: "The steel industry knows that it is going to have to deal with the union problem on a permanent basis. It therefore wants a sober, responsible, conservative man running the union, and not some Socialist element."

"Lew McBeck"

With rare beef and red wine, 320 A.F.L. and C.I.O. leaders in Washington's Mayflower Hotel last week celebrated their new no-raiding pact. C.I.O. President Walter Reuther and A.F.L. President George Meany supped at the same table, then rose to call for a united labor movement. The pact, said Meany expansively, was "the first step toward unity."

But in their mail the next day, Meany and Reuther found a letter that reminded them that not all of labor is marching along toward unity. The letter was sent out on sparkling new stationery with a joint letterhead, and was signed by United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis, C.I.O. United Steel Workers President Dave McDonald and A.F.L. Teamsters Union President Dave Beck, who formed an alliance two months ago. Addressed to editors and labor leaders all over the U.S., to the governors of the 48 states, to the President and all members of Congress, it called for immediate Government action to reduce unemployment. C.I.O. and A.F.L. leaders were sure that the most significant aspect of the letter was not its content but its timing. The triumvirate had timed its first joint pronouncement to make clear that it was not part of

the no-raiding pact or the unity parade.

Without Lewis, McDonald and Beck, labor unity is more fiction than fact. Although few labor men expect McDonald to pull out of the C.I.O. or Beck to leave the A.F.L., their new phantom federation with Lewis produces more rather than less labor disunity. Obvious indications that the trio is making long-range plans to use its joint force in legislative and political battles prompted many a labor man to conclude that there is a new labor force in the U.S. called "Lew McBeck."

COLORADO

The Captain's Paradise

James Hord, a cantankerous Texan of 49, made a comfortable living operating two Gulf coast shrimp boats. A stern, touchy man, he insisted that people address him by his World War II title, captain. Ten years ago Captain Hord and his wife began to spend summers near Creede (pop. 503), in southwestern Colorado. Last year they bought a homesite and built a luxurious chink-log cabin with a big living room, two bedrooms, picture window and a two-car garage.

Unfortunately the captain's paradise is close to some of the choice fishing streams and game forests in the neighborhood. Captain Hord seemed to spend more time running off trespassers, complaining to the sheriff and fencing off his five acres than he spent fishing and hunting. A strong antipathy grew up between the Hords and the natives. At the end of last summer, before he went back to his home in Rockport, Texas, Captain Hord worked out an elaborate plan to secure his dream house against trespassers. Inside the pantry he set up a loaded .22-cal. pistol. Only the tip of the barrel protruded from the paneling, pointed at the level of a man's heart toward the pantry door. From the hidden trigger, the captain connected a piece of cord to the door handle and completed his booby trap.

On the inside of three closet doors, he set up others. He fastened deadly cyanide bombs (used therabombs to kill coyotes) in such a way that they would spurt gas



STEELWORKERS' McDONALD, MINERS' LEWIS, TEAMSTERS' BECK
New threat for an old hope.



WHERE LAREDO'S BRIDGE DISAPPEARED
Below the dam, some final good.

into the face of anyone who opened the doors. Mrs. Hord painted signs (including one adorned with skull and crossbones) on the fence and the heavy wooden window coverings, with the warning: DANGER. EXPLOSIVES SET TO KILL—KEEP OUT.

Last week the Hords got back to their cabin for the summer. When Judy Hord pulled back the curtains in the darkened living room, she and her husband were dismayed to see the picture window shattered, bullet holes on the wall and bullet scars across the ceiling. Unfriendly hunters had used their house for target practice. Captain Hord's anger grew to fury. He sent his wife off to get the sheriff, stormed through the house cutting the cords that triggered the cyanide bombs. When he got to the pantry, the furious forgetful captain yanked open the door. His carefully arranged contraption worked perfectly; the .22 fired a bullet into his chest, just above the heart. This week doctors gave Captain Hord an even chance to recover.

SEQUELS

Keeping Up with the Nunans

For three weeks a federal jury in Brooklyn listened to evidence in the tax-evasion case against Joseph D. Nunan Jr., once (1944-47) the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations. Among the defense witnesses was motherly Kathryn Nunan, who said her husband's income-expenditure discrepancies were complicated by her secret extravagances.

The niece of a well-heeled Tammany leader, Kathryn Nunan had been indulged all her life. She testified from the time she was a madcap flapper in a Stutz Bearcat. She had borrowed and spent money with carefree abandon, and had

never bothered to tell Joe about it. In the period from 1946-50, she spent more than \$10,000 on clothes, and when Joe Nunan discovered that she had borrowed \$2,000 from a friend, he was "very upset."

The jury was unimpressed by Mrs. Nunan's explanations. Last week it found her husband guilty of five counts of evading federal income taxes totaling \$91,086. Maximum penalty on each count: five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.

Still pending is the Government's perjury case against Nunan, charging that he lied to the grand jury that indicted him for evasion after he resigned as the nation's No. 1 tax collector. Since Nunan's heyday in Washington, 213 other Internal Revenue employees and friends have been indicted, and more than 100 have been convicted of crimes ranging from perjury to bribery. Among the key cases:

☐ Denis W. Delaney, onetime collector for the Massachusetts District, after pleading guilty to one count of accepting bribes, served nine months in jail.

☐ Daniel A. Bolich, former free-spending Assistant Commissioner, now awaiting trial on evasion charges.

☐ James B. E. Olson, resigned supervisor of the New York City Alcohol Tax Unit, awaiting trial for tax evasion.

☐ Carroll E. Mesley, former Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, awaiting trial for tax evasion.

☐ James G. Smyth, ousted collector for Northern California, acquitted on charges of tax fraud.

☐ James P. Finnegan, onetime collector in St. Louis, now serving a two-year term for bribery at the U.S. penitentiary at Terre Haute, Ind.

☐ Last week Mrs. Nunan inherited a one-third interest in the \$1,000,000 estate of a cousin.

WEATHER

Evil Alice

Hurricane Alice, first of the 1954 season, was gentle as hurricanes go. She barely reached hurricane velocity (80 m.p.h.), and the blow did little damage other than beaching a few shrimp boats in the Gulf of Mexico. But when she moved inland over parched southwest Texas, her humid clouds cascaded rain in torrents never before recorded. On eroded land, where 1 in. of rain can mean a flash flood, as much as 22 in. fell last week. It was disaster.

Wall of Water. After a night of cloud-burst, sheriff's deputies roamed the little (pop. 2,885) cattle town of Ozona, 75 miles north of the border, to cry a warning before dawn. Church bells rang and sirens wailed but too many people stayed to wait and watch for water in normally dry Johnson's Draw. At 5 a.m. the water came; a 30-ft.-high wall that crashed through town, carried away houses and cars, killed 15 people.

Furthermore, another normally dry gully (Sulphur Draw) flash-flooded the drought-stricken town of Lamesa. Said a survivor, Bible in hand: "The Lord sent the rain, and I don't hold it against Him." Floods from Sulphur Draw and hundreds of other roiling culleys roared into Devils River, the Pecos and other surging streams, which poured into the Rio Grande. The big, sleepy river, bone-dry in places, rose, Laredo, a year ago, rose as much as a foot an hour, and trouble rained down.

River of Mud. At midnight, 10 hours after the Ozona disaster, the Rio Grande crested some 150 miles away at the Texas river cities of Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras. Forewarned, the Texans of Eagle Pass had moved out to watch in safety as their homes were flooded. Across the river, the Mexicans of Piedras Negras placed their faith in an earthen dike; they were huddled in their straw-thatched adobe homes when the dike collapsed and the Rio Grande swept over. "I heard hundreds crying for help in the dark," said one witness. "You could hear houses collapsing, then screams; then nothing."

More than half the town was destroyed. Some 12,000 homeless people struggled out of the muck to the barren hills beyond; 39 were known dead, 90 were reported missing, and many unrecorded migrants were lost. Down-river at Laredo the sullen, muddy river crested at 62.2 ft., a good 10 ft. higher than the previous record and 20 ft. higher than the International Bridge, which was swept away.

Next day, just a week after Hurricane Alice blew in from the Gulf, the worst flood in Rio Grande history (153 dead and missing) ended abruptly at the new concrete face of Falcón Dam, 75 miles below Laredo. This week as the river sank to only 9 ft. at Laredo, flood waters lapped up behind Falcón Dam and assured farmers downstream of irrigation in the searing months ahead. Hurricane Alice, for all her evil, had at last blown some good.

FOREIGN NEWS

INDO-CHINA

Retreat from Namdinh

The Communists last week added 3,000,000 Indo-Chinese to the 800 million people whose destinies they already control. It happened swiftly, and so bloodlessly that the rest of the world hardly noticed. Yet it was a bigger Communist victory than Dienbienphu.

The French simply pulled back from one-third of the Red River Delta, abandoning 1,600 square miles of densely populated rich rice land. Three Communist Viet Minh divisions leisurely followed up the retreating Frenchmen, exchanging only a few desultory shots with the rear-guards. In 72 triumphal hours, the Communists marched into Namdinh (pop. 80,000), the biggest Red prize of the eight-year war; Phuly (pop. 5,000), fortress key to the delta's old southern defense line and Phaidiem (pop. 40,000), heart of a Christian district embracing 570,000 Vietnamese Roman Catholics, fewer than 11,000 of whom were able to escape. From Namdinh, in its final hours of freedom, TIME Correspondent Don Wilson reported:

"There was something frighteningly familiar about the evacuation: the crowded, reeking buses, the pushcarts piled high with household goods, the silent rows of shuttered shop fronts waiting for the first Communist soldiers to appear. Namdinh brought to mind hundreds of other cities in China during 1948 and '49, in Korea during 1950 and '51."

Orange Pop & Farewell. "The Boulevard Paul Bert, once the pride of an attractive French colonial town, lay almost deserted. Shops were padlocked. Little bistros with such nostalgic names as Bar Bretagne and Café de Paris were tightly boarded. So was the Cinévox Théâtre, which still advertised a movie called *La Dernière Chance*. A big cotton mill, which once employed about 20,000 Vietnamese, was also closed down, but the French mill operators seemed in no great hurry to leave. Said one wrinkled old Frenchman, who had lived in Namdinh for 17 years: 'The Vets will not want to keep our mill closed down. We shall go back to work within 15 days.' Only a day or two before the fall, a couple of soft-drink executives were in Namdinh from Hanoi, making their plans to trade with the Communists. After all, they reasoned, the Vets could hardly do without orange pop.

"In the last hours of Namdinh, the profiteers made big money: bus fares to Hanoi shot up from 80 piasters (\$2) to 1,000 piasters (\$28); ice-cream men were charging 5 piasters a kilo instead of the customary 1½; and some Vietnamese officials, entrusted with the grave responsibility of determining which citizens should be evacuated by air to Hanoi, were making sure their selections were rewarded. In Namdinh there was also courage: a bunch of Catholic teen-agers strapped grenades to their belts and vowed they would start a guerrilla war against the Communists; a Vietnamese priest considered what the Communists might do to him, then calmly

decided: 'I shall remain a few more days.'

Mobility & Debate. Was this tragic withdrawal necessary? Failing heavy reinforcements from France and North Africa, the French command insisted that it was overextended, and had no military alternative. "Extremely grave . . . but absolutely necessary," said the GHQ spokesman. The retreat was indeed in line with General Coghny's long-planned redeployment from fixed pillbox defenses to mobile columns in the open. One tough French colonel last week recalled Namdinh's static warfare, looked approvingly over his newly taut armored task force and said: "Now I am free to move."

Nonetheless, there were doubts. Vietnamese Prime Minister Diem protested the abandonment of his countrymen, his fellow Catholics and "the cradle of our rice." North Viet Nam's able, disillusioned Governor Nguyen Huu Tri charged that the retreat from Namdinh either anticipated or fulfilled a secret French deal with the Communists. And there were officers at the Pentagon in Washington who shared this suspicion. They wondered why the Communists did not severely harass the retreating Frenchmen, why the French did not blow up all the bridges and roadways behind them. In any event, the U.S. (which pays 70% of the war's financial cost) was not informed in advance of the dimensions of the French withdrawal.

The Spreading Conviction. Cabled TIME Senior Editor John Osborne: "If the French intend to fight the Battle of



VIETNAMESE FLEEING FROM NAMDINH
Something frighteningly familiar.

Van Sprang

the Delta, the withdrawal must be judged a sound military move, and its execution—with minor losses and perhaps the most effective security blackout of the war—does seem to have been a remarkable performance. But do the French intend to fight? That decision rests not with soldiers like Cogne, but with the politicians of Paris and Geneva. And whatever these politicians may decide, a tragic amount—whether measured by land or resources or people—has already been given away.

"In Viet Nam, as in so much of the world, 'the North' is the home of the hardest people, and the Namdinh-Phatdiem region abandoned last week contained the best of Viet Nam's potential young soldiers and provincial administrators, the strongest of its committed anti-

FRANCE

The Ticking of the Clock

(See Cover)

The squat, blue-jowled man with the broken nose and the meaty shoulders of a middleweight boxer pushed his way last week through a swirling crowd of aides, secretaries and Cabinet ministers waving papers at him. "If it can wait until July 20, keep it," he snapped. "If it can't wait, do it yourself."

At week's end, France's Premier Pierre Mendès-France had only 16 days left. His pledges were still only pledges. In Indo-China, where he had promised to get peace in 30 days, the French abandoned a third of the Red River Delta without a fight. From both sides of the Atlantic, appre-

Mendès was frank to the point of bluntness. The nation, he said, had been living beyond its means. "For years, we have undertaken tasks beyond our strength," he said. "If the crepes sizzles sizzles as lavishly as ever in Paris' chic restaurants, it had been because the economy was propped by U.S. aid, and kept in an artificial fever of inflation by governments which lacked the courage to face realities. France's military commitments were far beyond what its economy could support. Mendès insists: "We must choose"—a favorite phrase.

A year ago, Mendès told the National Assembly flatly: "France must limit her objectives, but attain them; establish a policy which is perhaps less ambitious than some would desire, but hold to it. Our aim must not be to give the illusion of grandeur, but to remake a nation whose word will be heard and respected."

In other words, France could no longer maintain the fiction that she was one of the world's Big Five, a fiction nurtured by De Gaulle and his successors, affirmed again and again by Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower, made statutory in the permanent seats of the U.N. Security Council. As events have shown, and as Mendès-France affirms in effect, it was just an illusion, and the effort of maintaining it in Indo-China proved disaster in fact. What Mendès is now proposing is that France recognize itself as a second-class power, but an honest one. Free of the need to keep up a front, Frenchmen will be relieved of the nagging of creditors, the sneers of critics, the exhortation of friends. Henceforth, they might seem poorer—but feel prouder. Did this mean that Mendès is longing for the illusory place on the sidelines labeled "neutralism"? Mendès denies it. "Let us have no illusions. No imaginable policy could enable us to escape if, unhappily, a new war were to break out. . . . National defense is imperative for any free country, and for France more than any other, because of her geographical position."

Mendès' view might be put in the French saying, *Reculer pour mieux sauter*—take a step backward so as to jump better. He argues that by trying to be strong everywhere, France is strong nowhere, that strength cannot be achieved anywhere with an overburdened or propped-up economy. Says a British friend: "He does not argue that France should stand alone, but that France should stand erect."

The Gambler. Almost unknown to the general public a year ago, Mendès-France has become a living symbol of change, in a country that longs for change. Previous Premiers had one goal that was more important than all others: to stay in office. A "successful" Premier was the one who managed to stay longest, and however patriotic he might be, he had to shape all his actions towards continuity in office. Generally, this meant that it was safer to do nothing. Thus, a Premier formed his majority first by telling the Catholic



MENDÈS-FRANCE & FRANCE'S PRESIDENT COTY

In place of the grand illusion, an honest second-class power.

Communists, the most productive of its rice growers. Moreover, the truck convoys moving out of Namdinh and the refugees pouring into Hanoi spell Viet Minh triumph for the Vietnamese who saw them, heard them, or heard rumors of them, spreading the conviction that the Communists are irresistible, that a man had better give up while there is still time to save his life, his family and his home.

"The French command is pretty pleased with itself, as it has every right to be in the strictly military sense. But with many more such accomplishments, the Communists will have the rest of Southeast Asia."

Five French Union officers met the Communists 25 miles northwest of Hanoi last week to work out local arrangements of a cease-fire. Drawn up to greet them near the bamboo conference hut at Trunggia were three captured U.S. jeeps and a couple of weapons carriers with Communist inscriptions painted on their sides: SOUVENIR OF VICTORY AT DIENBIENPHU. 7-5-54.

hensive allies warned him against any attempt basically to alter EDC. Trouble flared in restive Tunisia and Morocco.

But in just two weeks in office, Mendès-France had already had more impact on France—and Europe—than any French Premier since De Gaulle. Here was a man who bluntly announced what he thought France should do, demanded authority to do it, and acted as if he meant to carry it out. After years of trimming and timidity, Mendès-France had struck off the dead-head of France's postwar malaise—*immobilisme*. Whether his 30-day gamble is won or lost, the French people had found in Mendès-France something that had long been denied them—leadership.

"We Must Choose." Mendès-France believed in himself. And last week, in hundreds of letters to newspapers and the government, Frenchmen declared their belief in him. "Your presence gives us comfort," wrote a pensioned widow. "A man who speaks to us with frankness and simplicity, you have restored confidence long lost to us," wrote a retired miller.

THE THREE NATIONS OF INDO-CHINA

NOW that Indo-China is falling apart, the question is whether any of its three Associated States—Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam—can survive on their own. All three are technically independent of France in domestic affairs; their own rulers run their own governments, their own civil service, their own courts. But France runs their foreign affairs and has been managing (or mismanaging) their defense.

So far, the Communist Viet Minh has been ineffectual in the smaller states of Laos and Cambodia. But by the terms of a French surrender, the Communists will probably get half, and in due course all, of Viet Nam. French and British negotiators now hope that Laos and Cambodia may be "neutralized," and their freedom guaranteed. The three:

LAOS (pop. 1,100,000)

A footprint said to be that of the eternal Buddha lies preserved within the Golden Pagoda at Luang Prabang, the royal capital. It is believed to protect the Laotians from their enemies. Laos has been invaded by Tibetans, Mongols, Javanese, Annamites, Indians, Chinese, Frenchmen and Khmers, but the craggy, mountainous state has survived with its ethnic unity just about intact. More than two-thirds of its people are Laotians and related Thais. Its language is still its own native Thai. Its religion is still Buddhism. Even the French prefer to channel their rule through Laotian kings, and they have established their own purely administrative capital at Vientiane, 130 miles from Luang Prabang. Since 1904, the French have ruled through one venerable monarch, King Sisavang Vong, now old (68) and gouty, but no easy man to scare. When the Communists threatened Luang Prabang in November 1952, the King refused to quit, declaring: "This is my country. This is my palace. I am too old to tremble before danger." The King's elephants were used to help the French erect barricades, and his 10,000-man army helped drive the invaders out.

CAMBODIA (pop. 3,700,000)

Long before the advent of Buddha, Cambodia was settled by migrants from India. More than 1,000 years ago, Cambodia was the seat of the mighty Khmer empire, which ruled most of Indo-China and bequeathed the matchless jungle temple of Angkor Wat to posterity. But Cambodia is now the smallest (about the size of Missouri) of the three Associated States. The French established their protectorate in 1863, but decided to leave the easygoing Cambodians pretty much on their own, to trade contentedly in pepper and corn, grow rice and worship Buddha in the shade. When the Communist guerrillas arose in 1952, plump young King Norodom Sihanouk forswore his love songs, his saxophone, his personal troupe of 30 dancing girls, and led his 12,000-man army and his war elephants against the Reds. In 1953, King Norodom took himself off to Thailand, vowing not to return until the French gave him more independence—which the French promptly guaranteed.

VIET NAM

(pop. 23 million)

Viet Nam is rich in rubber, tin, zinc, iron and coal; it has a notable surplus of rice, and a strategic 1,200-mile coastline. Viet Nam is the prize, the arena where the French and the Viet Minh have contended for the past eight years.

The Viet Nam nation is a recent French consolidation



of three ancient provinces: Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina. The Chinese ruled Tonkin and northern Annam for more than 1,000 years, until they were expelled in the 10th century by native Annamites who were themselves of part-Chinese stock. About 150 years ago, the Annamites split into warring factions, and French missionaries and traders moved in along the coast. By 1802, the French were strong enough to install a puppet king on the imperial throne of Annam; by 1870, the French army was ashore to protect French interests; by 1900, the French had all of Indo-China.

In the 80 years before World War II, the French invested \$2 billion in Indo-China, almost all of it in Viet Nam. They built 13,800 miles of roads, railroads and canals; they reduced infant mortality by 50%; their irrigation projects brought 13 million more acres under cultivation. But they were frequently overbearing, took excessive profits out of the country, and were slow about granting any kind of independence to the Vietnamese.

In 1949, in the Indo-China war's third year, the French installed Bao Dai, playboy descendant of old Annamite kings, as Viet Nam's chief of state. But Bao Dai usually complied with French demands, and therefore got almost no public support. But Moscow Servant Ho Chi Minh was often admired simply because he was anti-French. Not until last month did Viet Nam get a genuinely nationalist Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem—probably too late to make up for France's long refusal to prepare the Vietnamese for self-government and self-defense, probably too late to save the nation's freedom.



M.R.P. that he was for EDC, then telling the anti-EDC nationalists that he did not propose to bring EDC to a vote for some time.

Mendès did not say on what terms he would get peace, or what formula he would achieve for German disarmament. He simply said he would solve these two problems or get out. To a weary and politically conscious people, the appeal of this gamble was unique and overwhelming.

F.D.R. & P.M.F. Mendès-France direly needs all the popular appeal he can get. He has no political following in the Assembly. Though his fellow Assemblymen are impressed with the clarity of his thinking and the austerity of his character, few love him. He acquired respect by refusing time and again to enter governments whose economic policies he considered disastrous; he was admired for the brilliance of his economic analyses, and for his courage in his Cassandra role of proclaiming unwelcome truths. But like Roosevelt, whose New Deal he greatly admires, he has won a small, enthusiastic coterie of youthful intellectuals and dedicated supporters who see him as a man of destiny (and sedulously cultivate the parallel with F.D.R. by referring to him as P.M.F.). Typically, when he received the word of his investiture, there were no emotional embraces or victory celebrations. To the small group of disciples waiting with him, he said in his hard, flat voice: "This is now behind us. For us, the clock is already turning."

Secretaries in Bathrooms. Mendès moved fast as the clock turned. Scorning the magnificence of the Hôtel Matignon, traditional quarters for French Premiers, he moved himself and entourage into the stately offices of the Quai d'Orsay. Being his own Foreign Minister, he felt that he needed the mechanism of the French diplomatic service. Also, he did not fully trust the diplomats who have for so long been disciples of Georges Bidault. Mendès shook the suave Quai d'Orsay to its foundations. He ordered its well-groomed officials to get to work at 8:45 a.m. instead of sauntering in at 11. He rushed in his own office staff, installed secretaries in

bathrooms, and put an Under Secretary of State in Bidault's old dining room.

He shocked Quai d'Orsay chefs by ordering sandwich lunches served at his desk. Five or six times a day he was on the phone to Geneva, or talking by radio-telephone to the French headquarters in Hanoi. When the Geneva negotiators told him of bickering delays, he snapped: "Never mind. We must not change our course. We must show them our nerves are stronger than theirs."

He began calling quick, informal Cabinet meetings presided over by himself—instead of by the President of the Republic—a practice unused since De Gaulle. If Cabinet members were long-winded, Mendès cut them short with: "Could you summarize the rest of your remarks?" or "Perhaps you can give us the meat of your argument with less of the details." He rationed his time, told visitors he could give them three minutes, or if there was protest, he might add: "All right, take seven, but you've already used up one and now you have only six left." Not until 9 at night did he drive off to his apartment in fashionable Auteuil, where he hurried through a late dinner. After all, his days were numbered.

Young Risar. Pierre Mendès-France has been in something of a hurry all his life. Born in Paris 47 years ago, an only son of a small clothing manufacturer whose Jewish family traces its genealogy in France back to 1400, Pierre attended Paris public schools, grew into a serious, bookish boy. In his university years, while gayer lads of the Latin Quarter caroused, Mendès sat up nights arguing with friends about the devaluation of the franc, organized leftist lectures and debating clubs. Once he was cornered by rowdy royalists who tried to throw him out a second-story window, but succeeded only in breaking his nose.

Edouard Herriot, hearing young Mendès speak extemporaneously (he had lost his notes) at a Radical Socialist meeting, told him: "You are one of the most brilliant minds for your age I have ever met." The next year, Mendès became, at 21, the youngest lawyer in France; his thesis on Raymond Poincaré's financial policy was

published and provoked a long letter from Premier Poincaré himself.

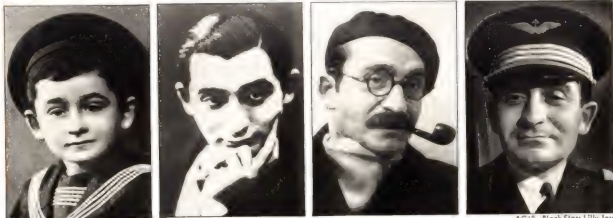
At the urging of fellow Radical Socialists (they are a moderate businessmen's party), Mendès moved to the Normandy town of Louviers to set up law practice and run for Deputy. Just four months over the legal age for Deputies (25) in 1932, he squeezed out a victory over the conservative rival, when the Communist candidate withdrew in his favor. He was the youngest Deputy in France.

His victory in a conservative stronghold marked him as a coming man. In 1933, when he married beautiful, Egyptian-born Lily Cicurel, whose family owns Cairo's most fashionable department store, the two witnesses at the wedding were Cabinet ministers—Edouard Daladier and Georges Bonnet.

With impressive energy, Mendès worked at politicking, wrote extensively on international economics, and began a history of Germany (the manuscript was lost during the war). In 1935, he was elected mayor of Louviers. He is still mayor, and delights in the job. "The inertia of the Assembly in Paris has always made him suffer," says a friend, "Out in Louviers, he can see his ideas take shape."

In France, it is often useful to have two political careers at once: one national, one local. The young mayor's economic ideas were brought to the attention of Léon Blum, then trying to form his second Popular Front government, and in 1938 Pierre Mendès-France, only 31, was made Under Secretary of State for the Treasury, the youngest government member of the Third Republic.

Mendès' program in that crisis-crammed year called for mobilizing production for war. The Senate rejected the plan, and the Blum government fell. "A policy of abandonment and cowardice would not avoid war," said Mendès later. "It would only lead to a war in which we would be faced with worse conditions." Out of that brief episode came Mendès' friendship with Georges Boris, a leftist journalist turned civil servant, who had recommended Mendès to Premier Blum. Now a crisp old gentleman in his 60s, Boris is Mendès'



MENDÈS-FRANCE AS A CHILD, STUDENT, UNDERGROUND FIGHTER & AIRMAN
A long, clear view of the day of reckoning.

A/GIP—Black Star; Lily Joss

chief of Cabinet, the only man older than Mendès himself in his immediate entourage and his only really intimate friend.

A Legal Matter. When war came, Mendès volunteered for the air force. He was back in Paris on leave when the Germans burst through and around the Maginot Line. Embittered at France's "moral abdication, lack of honor, treason," he gathered up his wife and two sons, followed the government and the remains of the Chamber of Deputies to Bordeaux, was put aboard a cruiser to Morocco. Reporting to the Rabat air base for duty, he learned that he was going to be arrested soon for desertion from the air force. He might have escaped to Gibraltar, but Mendès was a lawyer with a highly developed French sense of *légalité*; he decided to accept arrest and argue his case. At the trial, Mendès expected that he would be allowed to defend himself. A series of military men testified for him. The tribunal heard them and then declared him guilty without hearing him. "An innocent man has been convicted out of political hatred," cried Mendès. "This is not the justice of France but of Hitler."⁶

His obligation to *légalité* was fulfilled. "Not only did I have the right to my liberty," he says, "but I considered it my duty to escape."

Whispers in the Night. One day he noticed a six-foot piece of spiked lightning rod lying in the mud in the prison courtyard, realized he could use it as a ladder. But he took thought. He was not in good physical shape. He left the rod in the mud, went back to his cell and did push-ups. He began saving his prisoner's pocket money, bought a ration book from a fellow prisoner, wangled a local train timetable—only to find that the train had disappeared.

Weeks went by before he spotted a rusty hacksaw in the prison workshop and stole it. He found a rubber stamp, fabricated himself a shoddy set of papers. Then he had luck; the prison doctor decided he had a bad liver and sent him to the hospital. There Mendès, as an officer, demanded a private room. He briskly set to work sawing the window bars, and let his beard grow. One evening, he packed a bag full of extra clothes, made a rope of his sheets and let himself down to a narrow courtyard. He slipped past a guard, made his way up to the top of the prison wall and lay flat. Then he heard whispers.

Below him, leaning against a tree, were a pair of lovers. The boy had a proposition. The girl was hesitant. Minutes passed. Mendès waited, helpless. At 11 o'clock, the local cinema would empty and the streets would be crowded with people. Below him, the conversation went on. "Never did it seem more urgent for me to see a woman lose her virtue," he says. Finally the boy won his plea and the couple disappeared. Mendès dropped 20 feet to freedom. Later, in a book, Mendès addressed the unknown girl of that night,

* With typical meticulousness, Mendès, after the war, appealed this conviction. It was set aside only last month.



MADAME MENDÈS-FRANCE
A search for inner harmony.

Paris Match—Bennett

promising that "the day we account for our acts before the Creator, I will take on myself, if you wish, the fault you committed that evening. For I wished it, I swear, more passionately and more impatiently than your young lover."

For eight months, Mendès worked in the underground, adopting a pipe and a mustache as a disguise, then made his way to London to join De Gaulle's Free French. He immediately applied to fly again, was trained as a navigator in the Free French bomber group. "He turned all colors before going on missions, but he always went and he volunteered when he could," says a friend. Mendès fretted about bombing France, finally concluded that if he did not do it, others would, and perhaps not aim so carefully.

In London, Mendès stayed coldly aloof from those fellow exiles who jostled and intrigued for Cabinet positions in De Gaulle's phantom government. "They are not bad men," he confided to a friend, "but they scurry around. They scurry so much they forget France."

Unheeded Man. In time, Mendès himself became De Gaulle's Minister of National Economy, and worked out an austerity plan for the economic reconstruction of postwar France, including such severe anti-inflation measures as freezing all large bank deposits. But at a Cabinet meeting in January 1945, a majority led by Finance Minister René Pleven vigorously objected. After five years of occupation, the French people would not stand for a new period of austerity, they argued. "You see, my dear Mendès," said De Gaulle, "the Minister of Finance and all the experts are against you." "I remember," answered Mendès sadly, "when all

the military experts were against a certain Colonel de Gaulle." Three months later, Mendès resigned.

From that day in 1945, Mendès-France remained in political isolation. Lacking political power, he served in technical positions. He represented France on the International Monetary Fund and on the U.N. Economic and Social Council. In the National Assembly, he was chairman of the finance committee. Always, in speech after speech, he warned France that the day of reckoning would come.

He cried for more investment, more production, less military spending, more housing, control of inflation. He castigated the unenlightened selfishness of French capitalists, pleaded for a French "New Deal" (he has been searching for an effective French equivalent phrase). "We are in 1788!" he warned.

He also warned that if France did not give its colonial people more independence and quickly, they would take it themselves. The Indo-China war could have been avoided by granting Indo-China greater independence, he charged, and the same lesson is going unheeded in Tunisia and Morocco: "The 19th century colonial regime has had its day."

As early as 1949 he was telling the Assembly: "One day you will be forced to call on French conscripts to win the war in Indo-China. By the time you do it, it will be too late to win the war. You will also be forced to negotiate the settlement with Ho Chi Minh's Communists, but by that time it will be too late, too."

Both as politician and social animal, Mendès was a lonely man in these years. "There's a certain interior coldness about him," admitted one of his few close

friends. His austerity was somehow impressive in itself. He does not smoke, dance or gorge. "He's a great believer in the American drugstore," said a friend, "because he can eat a little and quickly."

In Paris, he is rarely invited to theater premières or fashionable salons. "Getting choice invitations requires work," says one Parisian hostess. "Pierre doesn't go around complimenting people. He just doesn't care." The only passion he developed during these years was one for skiing. Typically, he studied it as if skiing were a problem of high finance, developed a theory that it is a "study in will power." "He thought that one could reach a sort of inner harmony while skiing," says a friend. That harmony is still far off; he has broken a leg, been hospitalized with contusions. "I've never seen such a terrible skier," says a friend.

Within Thirteen Votes. In June 1953, President Vincent Auriol asked Mendès to try to form France's 18th postwar government. At first he refused; he was not ready. Then characteristically he concluded: "After criticizing the government as I have done, the people would not understand if I refused myself to try."

He failed by 13 votes. But his speech, blunt, sometimes eloquent, always incisive, raised him from the role of gloomy, intellectual Cassandra to the stature of a national figure. Overnight he became, in his own unblinking eyes, a man of destiny. "I have created a hope and trust in the country," he said. "It is now my duty to honor this hope and trust."

Sounding Board. To organize and kindle this new enthusiasm, rising young newspaperman Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, publisher of the intellectual magazine *L'Express*, began a series of informal *diners du travail*. Jacques Soustelle, De Gaulle's bright young lieutenant, came, so did young MRPs of Bidault's party like André Monteil and Robert Buron, and Socialists like Robert Lacoste and Gaston Defferre. Says Servan-Schreiber: "First, we had to get a sounding board for Mendès. With his isolation in Parliament, he made brilliant speeches but there was no political echo. Secondly, he had always worked alone. He didn't know how to work in a team."

Mendès waited. He was content to have Bidault try to negotiate an end to the Indo-China war. Let the opponents of negotiations negotiate, he said, because they are tougher. But Mendès always insisted that Geneva was folly, that the only way to get peace was through direct negotiation with the Viet Minh. "Really, your policy is incomprehensible," he told Bidault. "You ask Mao to stop aid to Ho. Why should he make you this gift?" Mendès also suspected another motive behind Bidault's policy: Bidault's hope that the U.S. could be persuaded to do what the French alone could not do—maintain French illusory *politique de grandeur* in Indo-China.

When Dienbienphu fell, Mendès knew in his own mind that he would become Premier. Early in June, he made a speech

which he expected to bring down the tottering Laniel government. The speech was the poorest of his career. Even while friends muttered polite sympathy, Mendès confidently began work on the speech that swept him into office twelve days later.

Hearth Chats. Mendès-France, the man in a hurry, had the list of his Cabinet members in his pocket when he made his appeal for investiture. He formed his government in a record 36 hours. He declared he might even choose men from parties that had not voted for him, and he made good the promise by picking two young MRPs, faithful attenders of the *diners du travail*. With an average age of 47, his was the youngest Cabinet in French history.

Mendès has also let light and air into the stuffy salon atmosphere in which French politicians have traditionally gone



AGIP—Black Star
DEFENSE MINISTER KOENIG
Aversion matched enthusiasm.

their subtle ways in a cloud of courtly titles ("Monsieur le Ministre, Monsieur le Président"), confiding their secret maneuverings to only a small group of ancient parliamentary correspondents. Adopting another Rooseveltian practice, he held press conferences, gave straight answers when he could, said "no comment" when he could not. He also adopted the "corner of the hearth" chat, by broadcast Saturday nights direct to the French people.

Last week Mendès had news on his Indo-China timetable: "During the first week progress was made but, frankly, in the second week things did not go so well," he admitted. He sought to justify the French withdrawal in the Red River Delta: "If the positions held by the Expeditionary Corps remained dispersed and fragile, our negotiators would have had to do their job under the threat of tragedy, and their chances of success would have been terribly reduced." He still had hopes; he had come away from his meeting with Chou En-lai fortnight ago in

Switzerland convinced that the agile Chou sincerely wants peace.

The difficulty is that whether or not Mendès-France brings off his promise of peace lies not with him, but with the Communists. Wrote France's leading commentator, Raymond Aron, in the conservative *Figaro*: "It now happens that M. Molotov and M. Chou En-lai become arbiters of French politics. They are free to provoke or avoid a ministerial crisis. If they grant a cease-fire within the prescribed time limit, Mendès-France will inevitably become suspect, since he will appear the favorite of those he himself calls his enemies."

Promises to Keep. In the 30 days allotted to him, Mendès has other tall promises to keep. He has promised to submit the kind of tough domestic economic program that successive postwar governments have flinched from. But Mendès insists that, economically, France feels better than it really is, that French prices are 10% to 20% above world prices, that French national income is only a meager 3% over 1929, that France's unsound trade balance with the rest of the world has been concealed by dollar aid. Socialist Deputies who support him on Indo-China may desert him over his economic plan.

And there remains the nettlesome, wearisome subject of EDC. Mendès-France insists that there has never been a majority for EDC in its present form in the Assembly, despite what U.S. diplomats report. But he thinks there is a majority for some kind of German rearmament. Perhaps it is the kind described in the current Parisian quip: "The French want a German army bigger than Russia's [175 divisions] but smaller than France's [18 divisions]."

Mendès' solution for the problem is to turn it over to two of his Cabinet members, one ardently for EDC (Radical Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury) and the other (Defense Minister Pierre Koenig, a Gaullist) with a strong aversion for putting French soldiers under any supranational authority. He told them to work something out.

The trick will be to find something the French Assembly will accept and other member nations of EDC will not reject. Possible Gallic compromise: ratify the EDC treaty, but with two reservations in added protocols—that "unanimity of vote" should be required for the first five years (thus giving France a veto on any action it dislikes) and an escape clause allowing France to get out after ten years. At least Mendès is the first French Premier to set a deadline on submitting the EDC proposals to the Assembly for a yes or no vote.

Unanswered Questions. French partisans of EDC mistrust Mendès. Last week Bidault snapped: "This man is either Disraeli or Krensky," and went off to pick mushrooms in the Versailles woods. Now that Mendès has ticked off half of his allotted time, other Frenchmen, sympathetic to his aims but doubtful of his

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chances, are asking questions. Is Mendès an innocent in all but economic matters, surrounded by inexperienced intellectuals united only by their dislike of inertia? Or is he a self-disciplined realist who expresses a French mood of grim resolution? Or is he Kerensky, the last man before surrender?

Nobody yet had the answers. If Mendès succeeds in all his aims, France might be in sounder, if more modest, circumstances than it had been in years. And if Mendès-France fails? Said a cynic: "The old gang will come back. Indo-China will still be lost, because as a nation we aren't really ready to fight for Indo-China, and our allies aren't ready to fight if we aren't. EDC might scrape through, more likely be blocked. The Americans and British will rearm the Germans anyway, which we will be bitter about but will accept. France will still be rich enough not to go bankrupt, or important enough so that the U.S. won't let her go bankrupt."

Mendès himself thinks he will probably not last a full year, and may go down much sooner. "But by that time the logic of Mendès' views will be clear to the country," explains a disciple earnestly. "There may be dissolution and new elections, or we may have to wait longer. But people will see to it that Mendès-France eventually gets back."

Will Mendès bring off his gamble? The country was for giving him a chance, and while it was, the Deputies dared not vote against him. He has until July 20, and all the while the clock is ticking.

WEST GERMANY

EDC Without Ersatz

Now that the French were talking of "alternatives" to EDC (which might require renegotiating the whole treaty with the other five nations), West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer decided the time had come to make his own position explicit and public. Despite Adenauer's repeated affirmations of unyielding support of EDC, France announced that it would send Foreign Under Secretary Guérin de Beaumont to see him about EDC "compromise," apparently under the illusion that *Der Alte* might still be cajoled.

Adenauer chose an interview over the Northwest German Radio network for his answer, knowing that the microphones would carry his words across the Rhine: "EDC is not only the best but the sole good solution. . . . Alternatives to EDC differ from true EDC as ersatz coffee differs from real coffee. . . . In the unlikely case that France rejects EDC, nothing would remain but to establish a German national army alongside a French national army and other national armies. . . . It would be an absurdity of history and of politics if France, by allowing EDC to fail, should be directly responsible for the creation of the German national army."

At week's end, piqued by Adenauer's blunt remarks, Premier Mendès-France called off the De Beaumont mission.

ITALY

Youth Initiative

Italy's powerful but ponderous Christian Democratic Party, gathered in convention in sweltering Naples last week, showed signs of new vigor, new spirit, new determination—even a new direction. In the gilt-and-red-velvet San Carlo Opera House (not air-conditioned), 703 delegates, plus party bigwigs and hangers-on, listened to some 100 speeches over the course of four days. On the top tier of boxes a huge banner read: *Il Partito nella Lotta per la Democrazia* (The Party in the Struggle for Democracy).

With a bit of overstatement, Defense Minister Paolo Emilio Taviani exclaimed: "We have had a real revolution here!" It was not a revolution, for there had been no violent upsets in the party centers of



Italy's News Photos
AMINTORE FANFANI
A man to watch.

power; it was rather an overhauling, a rejuvenation. Trends and processes that had been going on for months came to fruition at Naples. There was, undeniably, some moaning over past mistakes, but the unifying theme was: How can democracy in Italy be strengthened, how can Communism be thwarted?

Youth Is Served. The big man of the congress was not Ex-Premier Alcide de Gasperi, 73, now the party's secretary general, or Premier Mario Scelba, who has held the government together since February. It was skillful Politico Amintore Fanfani, 46, who heads a left-of-center Demo-Christian faction called Democratic Initiative. A short, stocky Tuscan, an ex-professor of economics, Fanfani was successively a Minister of Labor, Agriculture and Interior, and he knows the government like the back of his hand. Last winter he tried and failed to form a government as Premier. Since then, his Democratic Initiative has been gaining strength

in high party councils and in regional organizations, especially in the industrial north.

Fanfani's program is militant Christianity—militant in the direction of reforms, especially land reform, aimed at undercutting the Communists. This appeals to younger party members, and younger delegates seemed to predominate at Naples. They were critical: they asked for facts and figures instead of rhetoric.

Abolish the Paupers. Elder Statesman Alcide de Gasperi talked the new line: "We must transform our party into an instrument fit for the times." Of Italy's 11.5 million families, he said, 1,375,000 could be called "paupers." 1,345,000 more are underprivileged, and only 1,274,000 have a "high standard of living." De Gasperi summed up: "Our notion of social justice is to raise the poorer classes to a higher standard of living, to narrow the difference between all classes, and, above all, to abolish the pauper class."

It was the voting, however, that actually measured Amintore Fanfani's new power. Seventeen out of 18 new regional members of the National Party Council, and 34 out of 42 new members at large, are supporters of Fanfani's Democratic Initiative. These victories might have alarmed the party's conservative old guard, and even brought on the first tremors of a schism, if Fanfani had made any impudent move to exploit his strength. He did not. He did not even seek a government post, but seemed content to work with the Scelba government, and to talk of party harmony and party welfare. Nevertheless, as of today, he is the Christian Democratic Party's most important figure, and he may well become its next secretary general and undisputed leader.

Hope for the Future

Bound for Washington and "a long overdue date with a tennis court and a swimming pool" in Connecticut, U.S. Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce left Rome last week increasingly hopeful about Italy's future. "If Trieste can be settled, as I hope it will be," she told reporters before she left, "and if EDC can be ratified by Italy, then this country within the next two years will begin to play a much more active and dynamic role in foreign affairs than at any time since 1948." Premier Mario Scelba's government seems more and more to promise "a stability for Italy that no one could have foreseen three to four months ago." Though the Communist threat has not diminished, Scelba's firm hand and activity of the free trade unions has done much in twelve months to overcome the weakness shown by the center parties at the elections in June 1953.

"The possibilities of the government controlling its own internal difficulties," said Mrs. Luce, "are much better than they were a year ago." The debate on EDC will begin in Parliament this fall at the latest, and the problem of Trieste, she concluded, is "coming closer every day to an acceptable solution."

BURMA

Slightly Less Cordial

Wearing sweet-smelling jasmine and a gay sarong, a Burmese beauty queen welcomed Chou En-lai to Rangoon last week, on the second stage of his triumphal swing around Asia. Thousands of well-organized Chinese flourished pictures of Mao Tse-tung, chanted Communist slogans and scattered rose petals as Chou drove into town from the airport. But fewer than 500 Burmese bothered to line the street, and it seemed that Rangoon, 1,100 miles nearer Dienbienphu than India's New Delhi, was not quite so enthusiastic about its Red China visitor.

For nine hours Chou conferred with Burma's able Socialist Premier Nu, who had warned Nehru at the Colombo conference (TIME, May 10) that the Communists in Indo-China and in Burma's own

And the day Chou left Rangoon for home, the Burmese army delivered a farewell token of its own: it stormed into headquarters of a Red guerrilla band in Kachin state, less than 50 miles from the Red China border, and killed a couple of Chou's top-ranking agents in Burma.

GREAT BRITAIN

Pass the Gravy

"Just think," marveled a full-blown young woman of 21 in London, "I was only six years old when we had our last family joint." All over the United Kingdom last week, other young people, grown to maturity in an age of snook, whale meat and endless Brussels sprouts, were relearning the wonders of red meat, roasted to crackling brown and served in a sea of tangy juices. After 1½ steak-starved years, the government lifted the ration on

shop in Wigmore Street, the 93-year-old Mrs. Beeton's Cookbook, with its cautious presumption that eight pounds of steak should be enough to serve eight persons, once more took top place in the interest of browsers.

To some extent, the end of meat rationing only confirmed and symbolized a freedom that had already arrived by stages. Meat has become increasingly plentiful in recent months, and off-ration purchases of good cuts could frequently be made—for a price. Many Socialists predicted that de-rationing would send prices even higher, but at least Britain's housewives were legally free of one tyrant—the local butcher. Last week, after standing in queues outside butchers' doors for more than a decade, the Association of London Housewives got to their feet once more to stage a rally in Trafalgar Square and beef about the butcher.

SWITZERLAND

Neglected Duty

Flight 712, from Geneva to London, began routinely one balmy summer's night three weeks ago. Aboard the 40-passenger Swissair Convair there were only five passengers: four Englishwomen and a ten-year-old boy, returning from holidays in Switzerland. Over the English Channel, 35 minutes from flight's end, one engine gave out, then the other coughed and went dead. The plane landed on a calm sea, only a mile from shore, but it carried no lifebelts, jackets or dinghies (required only when a flight is more than 30 minutes over water). Before boats from shore could reach the plane, it sank. Unable to swim, two of the women passengers and the boy drowned.

Last week Swissair, admitting "grave human failings" in its first fatal crash in 15 years, fired the pilot and copilot, and announced the simple, shocking cause of the tragedy: the crew had neglected to have the plane refueled at Geneva.

JAPAN

Army, Navy & Air Power

One morning last week, cutaway-club Tokutaro Kimura, Tokyo's opposite number to U.S. Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, strode onto the flat, tiled roof of Japan's yellow brick Pentagon, past Japanese army, navy and air force officers snapped to attention, and said: "Peace cannot be attained with folded arms. . . . It is the duty of our country to complete the arrangements through which it could defend itself with its own hands." With that, Japan officially began rearming.

Nine years ago, Japan surrendered nearly 8,500,000 soldiers, 102 warships, 3,000 warplanes, and a year later in its new U.S.-dictated constitution vowed: "Land, sea and air forces. . . will never be maintained." Four years later it fell to General Douglas MacArthur, who had persuaded and forced Japan to forswear arms, to urge Japan to reverse itself. Thirteen days after the North Koreans



RED CHINA'S CHOU & BURMA'S NU (RIGHT)
Significant doubts.

Associated Press

upcountry regions were a little too close for comfort. The two ministers reportedly considered a Red China-Burma non-aggression pact, and in public they hailed their "most friendly and cordial meeting." The pro-government papers eagerly paid tribute to Red China as the Asian power "capable of keeping at bay the capitalist military machine." But in Burma, unlike India, it seemed that there were a few significant doubts. Rangoon's independent *Nation* argued that a non-aggression pact might have real meaning if it implied Red China's "cessation of support for the Burmese Communist Party, which is an illegal organization; cessation of the campaign now being carried on to subvert the loyalty of the peoples of border areas; cessation of all propaganda tending to undermine democratic processes in this country; and cessation of the attempt on all fronts to build up in this country a fifth column loyal to People's China."

meat, and Britain's red-blooded trenchermen were declared free and independent of such gustatory travesties as mock goose (potatoes flavored with sage and onion), Egyptian pie (baked lentils and onions), veal cutlet made of rabbit, and tond-in-the-hole (sausages and batter).

"What a joy!" crooned the wife of Food Minister Gwilym Lloyd George,⁹ as ration books were tossed into bonfires all over the nation. But 2,000,000 less experienced housewives, who had never before managed without ration books, were frankly baffled at the richness of the new territory that opened before them. TV screens worked overtime showing the subtle differences between top ribs and shell bones. Newspaper columnists turned epicure overnight, and at the Times Book-

⁹ Tory son of the late great Liberal Prime Minister David Lloyd George and brother of Megan Lloyd George, a former Liberal M.P.



1. "We're Will and Winnie, touring kids, and here's our Mom and Pop. We had to bring them both along—but we pick where to stop. We like the Statler services for tourists much the best. Besides, they make each traveler feel he really is a guest."



2. "The Statler's in the heart of town—that makes it extra grand. We get to see and do a lot, for everything's at hand. With lots of things it's fun to do and lots of things to see. I think it's pretty swell," said Will. Said Winnie, "I agree!"



3. "Honray," cries Will, "This menu has the things we like to eat. And special plates and silver, too. Say, kids, the Statler's neat! They even give us big balloons. Think Pop would like one, maybe? And Mom says they fix formulas . . . but we don't have a baby."



4. "We like the Statler's gift of fruit. It's special—just for us! And wait till you try Statler beds—they're super-marvelous! What's more, we let our parents leave to have some fun at night. The baby-sitter Statler gets will watch while we sleep tight."



5. Now Will and Winnie shout: "Good-bye! We've had a lovely stay!" The box lunch mother ordered fixed is safely packed away. Their car's delivered to the door. The kids let out a cheer. . . "When traveling with your parents—always bring your parents here!"

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DALLAS (Opening fall, 1955)

attacked in 1950, he asked the Japanese to increase their constabulary to 75,000.

So sharp was the Japanese distaste for rearmament, and so intense the politicians' fear of a new group of militarists, that the constabulary had to be called the "National Police Reserve." In the new military semantics, divisions were "regions," officers were "superintendents," tanks were "special vehicles." After Japan signed a peace treaty with the U.S. (September 1951), the police became the "National Safety Force" and expanded to a 110,000-man army, a 10,000-man navy, and its force was changed from "Safety" to "Self-Defense." To help with the change-over, the U.S. House of Representatives last week voted to hand over to Japan some \$500 million worth of U.S. weapons already in the islands. Next month Japanese troops will replace the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division in Hokkaido, the major Japanese island nearest Russia.

By 1959 Japan will have:

● An army of 260,000 men. Some 5,500 miles of new roads, capable of bearing 20- and 30-ton tanks, will be built.

● A navy of 15,700 men. It already has 18 U.S.-supplied frigates and 55 large landing ships, will get two destroyers and two destroyer-escorts from the U.S.

● An air force (first independent air arm in Japan's history) of 40,000 men, 1,300 planes, including 525 F-86 Sabre jets (21 squadrons) and 96 B-66 Douglas twin-jet light bombers (six squadrons).

In deference to lingering fears of reviving militarism, Japan's top defense leadership is civilian. Frail, old (68 years) Tokutaro Kimura, the overall defense boss, is a lawyer. On all major decisions, he must consult an eight-man Defense Council of civilians.

A look at the second line of command shows how dizzily history's pendulum has swung back. The new air operations chief helped plan the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is a former official of the Home Ministry which ran Japan's Gestapo-like Kempeitai (Thought Police). The secretary of the JCS was once secretary to Premier Hideki Tojo, hanged 5½ years ago for war crimes. Half of the new army officers and three-fourths of the naval officers fought against the U.S. in World War II.

EAST GERMANY

Loaded Question

Last week 13,071,156 East Germans (98.6% of the electorate) were paraded to the polls to answer a loaded question: "Are you for a peace treaty and removal of occupation troops or for EDC and letting occupation troops stay on for 50 years?" Just in case anyone wondered which of two circles on the ballot was the proper one to mark, huge banners at most voting places read: "Every German votes for the peace treaty." The results: 93% for a Communist-bestowed peace treaty and against EDC.

NORWAY

One Slight Mistake

Behind the closed doors of an Oslo courtroom, seven judges were trying Communist Asbjørn Sunde, a wartime resistance hero, for transmitting Norwegian military secrets, passports and police cards to the Russian embassy. The prosecution built a seemingly airtight case: eyewitnesses testified that they had seen Sunde hand over papers to a Soviet attaché at obscure rendezvous; Sunde's sister-in-law and a friend acknowledged that he had asked them for their passports. But after two weeks of testimony, Sunde perked up and announced cockily: "I've been playing with the police, but now I'm tired. The only proof involves passports and false police identity cards. I



TRAITOR SUNDE

The prosecutor had the last laugh.

can tell the court where the papers are."

If Sunde could produce the documents he was supposed to have given away to the Russians, the government's case would collapse. Cops were dispatched to Sunde's home. Sure enough, as he said, in an envelope stuck to an old cabinet they found passports, police cards and 240 kroner. Sunde smiled triumphantly.

But the police, playing a hunch, sent the kroner off to the national bank for a check of the serial numbers. Back came word that this series was put into circulation in March 1954. At that time, Sunde was already in jail. Now it was the prosecutor's turn to laugh. As he reconstructed the affair, the Soviet embassy, anxious to help Comrade Sunde, had taken the passports and police cards he had given the Russian agent, had stuffed them into an envelope with the money, planted the lot in Sunde's flat, and then sent him word of what they had done. But the comrades made one slight mistake: they forgot to enclose old kroner.

At that point Sunde paled, complained: "Somebody has fixed the notes." Last week the court fixed Sunde: it found him guilty of espionage and treason, sentenced him to eight years in jail.

HUNGARY

Return to Glamour

Since the coming of the commissars, Hungarian women, who used to be among Europe's most chic, have turned pale and proletarian. Reason: the commissars banned cosmetics. One result: a black market in smuggled lipsticks and rouge.

Finding vanity invincible, Hungary's Communist bosses recently opened state-owned beauty parlors in Budapest. Government-operated plants began to turn out face powder, creams, shampoos, etc. But the stuff was shoddy, the kiss-proof lipstick ran, and women went back to the black market. Last week, retreating but not beaten, state stores were selling "imported cosmetics" at up to twelve times the price of the local products. Even so, many were ersatz products wearing fake French and U.S. labels.

In Soviet-controlled Germany, the Communists also retreated a little before creeping Westernisms. On sale now in state-run stores in Stralsund: a soft drink called "Coca-Cola."

IRAN

Gift Horse

Seldom have the Russians—Czarist or Communist—given their Persian neighbors anything but trouble. In the past half-century, they have invaded the country six times, looted its Caspian caviar and its Treasury. Only the collective wrath of the infant U.N. made the Russians desist from setting up a little soviet in Azerbaijan province right after World War II. A year ago, in the last days of Mossadegh, the Communist Tudeh Party almost took over Iran. After all this, to Teheran's amazement and consternation, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Lavrentiev last month promised a "great Russian favor": the return of 300 Iranians detained in Russia.

Accustomed to looking Soviet gifts in the mouth, Iran recalled the last time such a favor was extended. In 1938 and '39, the Reds sent back some 4,500 Iranians living in Russia; most of them turned out to be well-trained spies and Communist agitators. The new crop of Iranians will be turned over at the rate of 40 a week, each to give up all his Russian clothes and belongings at the border and, in new clothes provided by the Iranians, to be sent to a screening camp near Meshed, where their mental baggage will be inspected.

The Soviets also promised to return the eleven tons of gold they have owed the National Bank of Iran since World War II. With cynicism born of long experience, Teheran sat back, waited for the gift horse to bite.



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THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

The New Junta

Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, the deadpan little insurgent who overthrew the pro-Communist government of Guatemala, came back in triumph last week to his country's capital. Guatemalans greeted him with firecrackers, kisses and backslapping embraces. At the hunting-draped central plaza, where 20,000 people yelled themselves hoarse, a huge picture of the rebel leader hung from the palace and cathedral bells pealed joyously. Later, as he had said he would, Castillo Armas dined in the palace.

Castillo Armas was not yet boss. In peace negotiations, the presidency of the ruling junta had been won, temporarily, by a fellow officer and an old schoolmate, Colonel Efraim Monzón, who had taken the leading part in the palace revolution that followed Castillo Armas' armed invasion. But the crowd went wild for Castillo Armas alone.

How much did the U.S. have to do with the turn of events? No matter who furnished the arms to Castillo Armas, it was abundantly clear that U.S. Ambassador John E. Peurifoy masterminded most of the changes once Castillo Armas began his revolt. It was he who helped spot the phony of the first palace change, and it was he who saw to it that the new government was solidly anti-Communist.

A Doublecross. At the beginning of last week, President Jacobo Arbenz,* who had persisted in typical Communist butchery

* Two months ago, Ambassador Peurifoy, asked about the Arbenz regime's prospects, had quipped: "We are making out our Fourth of July reception invitations, and we are not including any of the present administration."

in his last days in office (*see below*), had stepped down in favor of Colonel Carlos Enrique Díaz, chief of the armed forces. But Castillo Armas, convinced that Díaz was just a front for Arbenz, had said as much by going on with his war, notably by bombing Guatemala City's Matamoros Fort. Peurifoy agreed heartily with Castillo Armas' action. The ambassador had learned that under a cover of vocal anti-Communism, the doublecrossing Díaz was letting Arbenz' Red advisers run to safety. Díaz was clearly no change. Peurifoy got in touch with Monzón known as an outspoken anti-Communist.

The bombing, meanwhile, had knocked the fight out of Díaz. At 2 a.m. he phoned the ambassador, "Señor Peurifoy," he said, "please come to my house." With a .38 Colt in his shoulder holster, Peurifoy drove through the empty, fear-haunted streets to the armed forces headquarters, where Díaz was staying. Díaz brought up a plan to talk peace with Castillo Armas in the neighboring republic of El Salvador. But even as they talked, other officers in the next room were openly grumbling that Díaz ought to be booted for his softness to the Communists. Uneasily aware of this, Díaz abruptly stood up and went in to stall them.

Peurifoy waited, thoughtfully checking his pistol as the argument in the next room got to the explosive stage. Then an outside door burst open, and Colonel Monzón entered with two other colonels. They said nothing as they strode through the room to join Díaz and the others, but one of the men slapped his holster significantly. Díaz, with a Tommy gun in his ribs, was unceremoniously escorted to a side door. Monzón reappeared. "My colleague Díaz has decided to resign," he

explained suavely. "I am replacing him." That was an authentic change, and Peurifoy energetically set to work arranging for peace talks in San Salvador.

A Bleak Deadlock. Next day Castillo Armas and Monzón flew to San Salvador for the first meeting in the gingerbread presidential palace. In high hopes, the two old friends started talks at 3 p.m. But twelve hours later, there was only a bleak deadlock. The issue: Which of them should take top power and responsibility?

Sleepless Jack Peurifoy learned in alarm of the impasse and caught a plane to San Salvador. Looking like a dashing sportsman in a green Tyrolean hat and checked jacket, he talked separately with Monzón and Castillo Armas (whom he met there for the first time), then brought them together. He hammered home the idea that the good of Guatemala demanded a compromise. The proud colonels began to give ground, but it was 6 o'clock the next morning before they sat down under a crystal chandelier and signed a temporary power-sharing agreement.

Next Crisis. For Peurifoy, two crises were past, but another will follow soon. The colonels' agreement left Monzón heading a junta of five officers—two of his own followers plus Castillo Armas and another rebel colonel. After 15 days, the junta is to choose a President to govern until democratic elections can be held.

The instability of this arrangement was obvious, and made all the more so by Castillo Armas' triumphal reception in the capital. Sick of Red terrorism and full of respect for a fighting, anti-Communist crusader, the people quite plainly preferred Castillo Armas to Palace Revolutionary Monzón. "¡Libertador!" they hailed the little colonel.

After the Fall

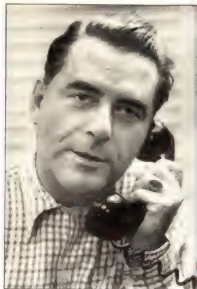
"Communist perfume." Guatemalans called it; they meant the stench of decaying human flesh. Searchers tracing that noisome odor last week found in three shallow mass graves the bodies of 47 men who had opposed the Red government of President Jacobo Arbenz in its last days. In a basement torture chamber on the capital's Seventh Avenue, bits of hair, plastered to the wall with dried blood, told of victims hurled around the room and battered against the walls by sadistic guards. Out of the jails stumbled 211 lesser oppositionists, some from cells built for five men but crammed with 60. Fifteen men numbly took off their clothing so that U.S. reporters could see the festering cuts and throbbing bruises that covered them from neck to thigh.

In its last desperate bid for survival, the Arbenz government had resorted to savage repressions carried out by its boss policemen, Colonel Rogelio Cruz Wer and Colonel Jaime Rosenberg. The frenzy grew as the downfall neared. Survivors testified that on the last day, Cruz Wer, close to a gibbering collapse, planted him-



COLONELS CASTILLO ARMAS & MONZÓN
From bleak deadlock to uneasy agreement.

International



U.S. AMBASSADOR PEURIFOY
Viva Free Guatemala!

self in front of a cell crowded with political prisoners and screamed. "I am a condemned man, but I will take some of you bastards with me!" He fired a burst from a machine pistol into the cell, and four men fell dead. After Arbenz quit, Cruz Wer and Rosenberg escaped in a small plane to Mexico, where they blandly demanded sanctuary as political refugees.

A Rotten Regime. "No recognized government in Latin America has ever matched this inhuman cruelty," a Latin diplomat in Guatemala exclaimed as the grisly evidence piled up. But the stories helped explain Arbenz' sudden downfall: his government was too rotten to fight for, and the army had refused to fight for the Communist cause it despised.

That the Arbenz regime was too hollow to fight was hardly suspected before it was put to a test—the kind of test that other Communist governments never got. Six months ago, Castillo Armas was an unimportant exile in Honduras, plotting in impoverished frustration against Arbenz' powerful regime, and generally given no chance. The impression now almost universally held in Guatemala is that the U.S. at that point moved cautiously in to guide affairs. There is still no direct evidence of this. But hindsight reasoning indicates that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency correctly appraised Arbenz' fundamental unpopularity and brutality, his army's unwillingness to stand up for him or for his Communist advisers, and Castillo Armas' capabilities.

Circumstantial support for this theory comes from the known facts. Honduras openly granted bases to Castillo Armas, an act the U.S. could have stopped with a frown. Castillo Armas got money; the revolution must have cost well over \$1,000,000—perhaps as much as \$5,000,000. He got airplanes: four F-47 fighters and two C-47 cargo planes. He also got expert pilots to fly them.

Latin Americans generally assumed that the U.S. was in Castillo Armas' corner, and after he invaded Guatemala, a dank breeze of Communist-abetted anti-Yankeeism swept through some of the hemisphere's countries. Students squawked in demonstrations in Panama, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Cuba, Argentina and Honduras; a U.S. flag was burned in Chile. But there was none of that in Guatemala, where the U.S. role was understood and deeply appreciated. As the overthrown regime's victims were dug out of their graves and the luckier survivors emerged from their cells, Guatemalans raised grateful cheers for the U.S. and for Ambassador Peurifoy.

Off to Asylum. The Arbenz crowd, meanwhile, had scuttled to asylum. Many of them found the Mexican embassy, right across the street, the handiest. There went most of the Guatemalan Congress. There went the major Communists: Presidential Adviser José Manuel Fortuny, Labor Leader Víctor Manuel Gutiérrez, Peasant Boss Leonardo Castillo Flores, Editor Alfredo Guerra Borges. There went ex-Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello.

And there, too, went Jacobo Arbenz—after first forcing the Government Development Bank to extend a second mortgage on his cotton farm for \$300,000 payable to his wife. He is also accused of having taken funds from the Treasury. Other government fat cats, who had done their looting earlier, were in the Salvadoran embassy; their six 1954 Cadillacs crowded the ambassadorial courtyard.

Political refugees, by convention, are supposed to get safe-conducts out of the country. But the mob of haled-up Arbenzistas may have difficulties. Opinion has swung violently against the Red regime. Mobs plundered Arbenz' luxurious house (finding, among more valuable spoils, stacks of Communist propaganda and four bags of earth, one each from Russia, China, Siberia and Mongolia). More ominously, a Communist judge who last year sent four alleged plotters to death without trial was himself executed by a firing squad. That showed that the new junta means business with any Communist criminals it can get its hands on.

THE AMERICAS Smashing the Legend

The U.S. took a step last week that may well smash a Latin American legend, assiduously nourished by the Communists, that U.S. policy in Central America is aimed exclusively at higher dividends for Boston's \$79 million United Fruit Co., biggest business in the Caribbean. Under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Department of Justice charged the company with operating a monopoly. In a civil suit it demanded that United Fruit 1) break up its present structure, and 2) give competitors a chance in the banana business.

Federal court dockets are crowded; that fact plus possible delaying actions by United Fruit lawyers could postpone trial for a year or two. In the interim, the fruit company might see the light—or feel the heat—and agree to mend its ways.

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PEOPLE



ACTRESSES LOREN, DE CARLO & LOLLOBRIGIDA
In Berlin, Italian sights.

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

For the first time since losing his appendix and rebellious gall bladder (TIME, June 28), resilient **Harry Truman** left his bed for the length of a lunch in a Kansas City hospital, drew himself up to a table and with gusto devoured a square meal. Near by lay a get-well-quick wire from Washington, signed by two White House visitors, old British friends of Truman's: **Winston** and **Anthony**. While his obituaries were being filed away for another day, Truman was finding out that even some of his old enemies seemed happy about his recovery: the *Chicago Tribune*, which barked at the White House all the time Truman lived there, now said: "There are a lot of things wrong with Harry Truman, but there always was more candor, less hypocrisy, and more natural man in his words and behavior than most politicians would dare display."

At an international film festival in Berlin, all proceedings stopped as three of the world's most sightly actresses—Italy's **Sofia Loren**, Hollywood's **Yvonne de Carlo**, and Rome's **Gina Lollobrigida**—got together for the photographers.

Surrounded by "enemies" bent on "crucifying" him, Crooner **Dick Haymes**, fighting to escape being bounced back to his native Argentina, finally suggested the name of one of his persecutors. The accused: U.S. Attorney General **Herbert Brownell Jr.** In Haymes' deportation hearing, one of his lawyers insinuated in a question to a witness that Brownell himself had ordered Haymes arrested while the crooner relaxed off guard, during

a supposed 60-day truce with the Government. At week's end, another bit of Haymes' past caught up with him. This time the persecutor was his former wife, Cinematress **Joanne Dru**, who could now have Haymes arrested because he forgot to show up at another hearing, where Joanne had planned to charge him with forgetting to help support their three children.

To the roster of hardy booklovers who could never quite untangle its polysyllabic characters distinctly enough to muddle through *War and Peace*, a distinguished new name was added. The bored non-reader: Author **Leo Tolstoy** himself. In Chicago, on the eve of her 70th birthday, the great Russian novelist's daughter, Countess **Alexandra Tolstoy**, confided that her unpredictable father preferred his folk tales and short stories to the eye-straining 687,000 words of his most famous novel, "He never reread *War and Peace*," said she. "And when he heard us reading it aloud one day, he didn't even recognize it."

The Philippines' President **Ramon Magsaysay**, ordinarily a study in perpetual motion as he scurries about the 7,100 islands of his republic, was ordered to come to a dead stop by his doctor after Magsaysay had worked himself into a feverish cold. But after holing up for a single day in a friend's home, Magsaysay suddenly popped out of seclusion and galloped off in all directions again.

An oldtime cowboy movie star decided that since television had made him famous all over again, he might as well cash in. His ad in Hollywood's *Daily Variety* trade sheet: "One of America's greatest

Western heroes, **Hoot Gibson** [58], star of more than 350 feature motion pictures. Guest star on television and radio from coast to coast. Now available . . .

The very day she was due to take off for a month's junket through Russia, by suzerance of the Soviet government, **Eleanor Roosevelt** abruptly called off her expedition. Said she: "It would have been impossible for me to do an adequate reporting job . . . without the assistance of a trained magazine journalist or of a man who could speak and read the Russian language." Without stomach for "being at the complete mercy of [a Soviet] interpreter," Mrs. Roosevelt added: "I feel that the Soviet officials, in not granting a visa for a reporter to accompany me, are trying to force me to go to Russia on their terms and are . . . treating me the same way they tried to treat our Government and our allies at Geneva."

In Hollywood, the silent screen's original vamp, heavy-lidded Cinematress **Theda Bara**, 64, was whisked off to a hospital for a rush appendectomy.

In London, **Princess Margaret**, glittering in a diamond necklace and tiara, beamed warmly at the cheering crowd as her coach rolled up to Buckingham Palace, where Britain's royalty wined and dined Sweden's **King Gustav VI** and **Queen Louise**, who were making the first state visit of Swedish monarchs to England in 46 years. On her white tulle gown Margaret wore a miniature portrait of another handsome lady, her sister **Queen Elizabeth II**.

With a competitor's critical eye, Auto Magnate **Henry Ford II** looked over some Russian cars on display at an industrial fair in Copenhagen. "As far as I can



PRINCESS MARGARET
In London, Swedish visitors.



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JAMES LEES AND SONS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, PENNA. OTHER FAMOUS PRODUCTS: COLUMBIA-MINERVA AND BEEHIVE HAND-KNITTING YARNS

see, these cars are not very good," said he. "They are obviously about the same type of cars we made some 20 years ago."

Smarting under the adamant refusal of Chicago's city building commissioner to give her a liquor license for her highbrow 1020 Art Center (TIME, May 24), Mrs. **Ellen Borden Stevenson**, ex-wife of **Adlai Stevenson**, resigned as president of the Modern Poetry Association. But she still planned to toss a few favors and dollars toward *Poetry* magazine, the flat-broke association's outlet for its members' rhymes, and to make her old family mansion a shrine for longhaired folks. Ever since her Gold Coast neighbors began objecting to the club's intrusion on their



ELLEN STEVENSON
Resigned to a cultural lag.

quiet life. Ellen Stevenson has been objecting to their cultural lag. By last week, she was on the defensive. Said she: "I now have two lawyers and a business manager helping me keep out of trouble."

Egypt's pudgy ex-King **Farouk**, never a man to conceal his liking for girls, was busy beating down one of the most startling rumors about himself to arise since his dethronement and divorce. The hot word: he plans on marrying his current traveling companion, a voluptuous Neapolitan named **Irma Capece Minutolo**, 20, whose right to be called a marchioness was recently disputed when two Italian newsmen declared that her parents were a chauffeur and a janitor's daughter. At the newsmen's trial for slander, Irma's father had indignantly complained: "To doubt my daughter's aristocratic descent is to slander the father of the fiancée of Farouk, whose wedding is imminent." At week's end, however, Irma herself hastened to restore Farouk to full bachelor status. "I prefer not to marry," sighed she. "Farouk is sensible and tender, but marriage is the tomb of love."



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MEDICINE

Patient Improves

When Britain's Labor government began its vast tax-supported National Health Service in July 1948, doctors in the U.S. as well as many in Britain were quick to predict a rapid decline in British medical standards, and worse yet, the end of the traditional relationship between a patient and the doctor of his choice. In its bloated, red-tape-swaddled infancy, N.H.S. seemed set to fulfill the prediction.

A program encouraging 42 million Britons to seek cheap medical advice and free prescriptions for everything from sore feet to falling hair all but swamped Britain's 20,000 general practitioners, strained the bedside manner, quickened the leisurely house call. The drain on the hard-pressed Exchequer zoomed up to \$1.2 billion a year. After 20 months of N.H.S., the British Medical Association sternly warned: "The public has run riot in the chemist's shop . . . The shocking waste of public money . . . has left little over for what is more urgently needed."

Equally concerned was the Ministry of Health. It appointed a committee of some of Britain's best physicians, led by Sir Henry Cohen, a bustling Liverpool physician and onetime head of the British Medical Association, and set it to diagnosing N.H.S.'s ailments. Last week, six years after N.H.S. was born, Sir Henry & Co. published a 67-page report. The committee's conclusion: thanks to changes made since 1950, N.H.S. is doing much better. One big reason for the improvement: after the Tories returned to power in 1951, they tightened up N.H.S., required Britons to pay nominal fees for extras, e.g., prescriptions, abdominal belts, orthopedic shoes (TIME, May 12, 1952).

The report's biggest surprise: the relationship

between doctors and patients is as good as ever, and in many ways has improved. Patients are no longer reluctant to accept doctors' orders to undertake further treatment for fear of running up heavy medical bills. Doctors, with assigned lists of patients, are cooperating with each other instead of competing for patients. Most patients still regard their doctor as "their own," prefer to have one doctor for the entire family. If a patient is dissatisfied with his doctor, he may switch after giving 14 days' notice.

The report's other highlights

❑ Under socialized medicine, few doctors are loafing. A general practitioner with 3,500 patients on his list (the legal maximum) sees 2,300 of them a year, averages 4.8 consultations a patient, sends 800 patients on to hospitals or specialists.

❑ Paid by the government at the basic rate of 17 shillings (\$2.38) a year for each patient on his list—whether he visits the patient or not—plus bonuses, the G.P. rarely suffers financially from N.H.S.

❑ N.H.S. suffers from overcrowded hospitals, inadequate waiting rooms in doctors' offices, inequalities in doctors' payments (in "overdoctored" areas). Despite much streamlining, doctors must still waste valuable time on paper work (e.g., sickness certificates) not connected with treatment of their patients.

Fun with a Purpose

*Morning is here. The board is spread.
Thanks be to God who gives us bread.*

So sang the children one day last week in the dining hall of Camp Wawbeek. Then chairs scraped and banged as the campers sat down to breakfast. But for these children, sitting down at table was no ordinary matter. Fifteen of them were

already seated—in wheelchairs. Others carefully placed their crutches beside them on the floor before they edged onto their chairs.

Camp Wawbeek, in the Wisconsin River Valley, is no ordinary children's camp. It is one of about 45 camps across the U.S. sponsored by the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. This summer more than 7,000 children will attend the camps. Total operating cost this season: \$2,000,000, largely financed by the sale of Easter seals.

No Mollycoddling. Camp Wawbeek, a typical camp in the group, has 80 children, aged 8 to 14 (to be replaced later in the summer by adults and older children). Half of them are polio victims, 16 have cerebral palsy, eight have muscular dystrophy, and the rest suffer from a variety of crippling ailments. Special care was taken in constructing new buildings: all but one are flush with the ground, doors are wider than normal to accommodate wheelchairs and spraddled crutches, there are railings along porches and in bathrooms. Showers, too, are adjustable for children in wheelchairs.

Camp Wawbeek is designed to make the children less isolated by their handicaps. A registered nurse watches each child for signs of illness, and five doctors are on call. The camps are chiefly for fun—most physical therapy is done in the winter in a dozen centers operated by the Wisconsin Association for the Disabled.

Camp Wawbeek's 32 staff members are carefully trained, and they are warned against mollycoddling. Explains the association's Executive Director Kenneth Svec: "We want it to be just a little bit rough, because society later on will be rough, too. What we want to do is give them the feeling that they belong in a group for their own sake, not because of their ailments."

No Gloom. There is little that is gloomy or institutional about the camp. Sports are encouraged but never forced. A boy in a wheelchair is pitcher in a softball game; another on crutches plays first base. Most popular sport: swimming, with "hiking"—on crutches or in wheelchairs—a close second. The \$50 cost per child for a two-week stay is split between the state association and the child's family or sponsor. The beneficial effects of these investments are soon apparent.

❑ Wesley Roseman, 11, twisted by a congenital deformity of the spine, at first played a solitary game of croquet. He complained that no one would play with him. Soon he learned the game's rules, found some partners, smilingly started to talk about what he wants to be when he grows up (astronomer or archaeologist).

❑ Pauline Schleifer, 10, was stricken with polio only seven months ago. Encumbered by a huge, white leather neck brace, she walked quietly about by herself until she found company: another girl, confined to a wheelchair, whom she could help.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of life in Camp Wawbeek is the way in which youngsters strive to bear their plight without self-consciousness. One morning two



CHILDREN AT CAMP WAWBEEK
Like life, a little bit rough.

little girls were chasing a little boy, a polio victim, whom they both liked. "Do you think he'll run away?" said one. "No," giggled the other, without a touch of cruelty. "He can't."

The Wine Drinkers

A prosperous French couple brought their seven-year-old son Pierre to the Paris office of plump, greying Child Psychiatrist Suzanne Serin, 56. Pierre, they told Dr. Serin, was a bright, healthy boy, but he often flew into inexplicable rages. Pierre himself told Dr. Serin that he often had strange visions: "Wings, not hands, white things which dance on the bureau . . . It is awful." Despite 26 years of practice, Dr. Serin was scarcely able to believe her own diagnosis: acute alcoholism.

She questioned Pierre's parents, learned that the boy drank a liter (1.0567 qts.) of wine each day, and at night often got port "because he was a little nervous." Alarmed by Pierre's case, Psychiatrist Serin alerted Paris' clinics, soon uncovered three more cases of child alcoholism.

❶ Lucien, 5, a sickly, insomniac youngster, was so unstable that he could not be left alone. The son of wealthy parents, he drank nothing but undiluted wine, in accordance with his father's decree: "Water propagates infantile paralysis."

❷ Yvonne, 3, another wine drinker, refused to get into her bed because it was "full of toads and big fish."

❸ Maurice, 12, suffered from a stammer and tic. After drinking nothing but wine and an occasional *apéritif* since infancy, he was retarded, with hands that shook like the paws of a Skid Row bum.

Certain that Lucien, Yvonne and Maurice were only three of a host of alcoholic French children, Psychiatrist Serin persuaded the Ministry of Public Health to investigate in other areas of France. The results were shocking.

In Normandy, the checkup showed children from 18 months up drink the local Calvados (homemade applejack) at meals and between meals. In the Vendée schoolchildren pack a bottle of wine in their lunch baskets; if school is far from home, they take an extra bottle to fortify them for the long trip back. In La Roche-sur-Yon, a three-year-old boy was admitted to a clinic after his family had tried to cure him of worms with dosages of Pernod. In a town near by, a 10-month-old infant died of acute alcoholism.

Throughout France's wine areas, many children take a swig every time the jug is passed. In the Vendée, a local health officer asked a farmer's wife why her two infants were flushed and screaming. Explained the mother placidly: "Last night was the Communion supper. They drank one more Triple Sec than usual."

In Paris last week, Dr. Serin reported the findings to the Academy of Medicine. Its staid members listened with dismay, promptly began to lay plans for a big anti-alcoholism campaign in French schools. It will be a difficult and a delicate job, for, as any French peasant will confidently insist, a little wine never hurt anybody.

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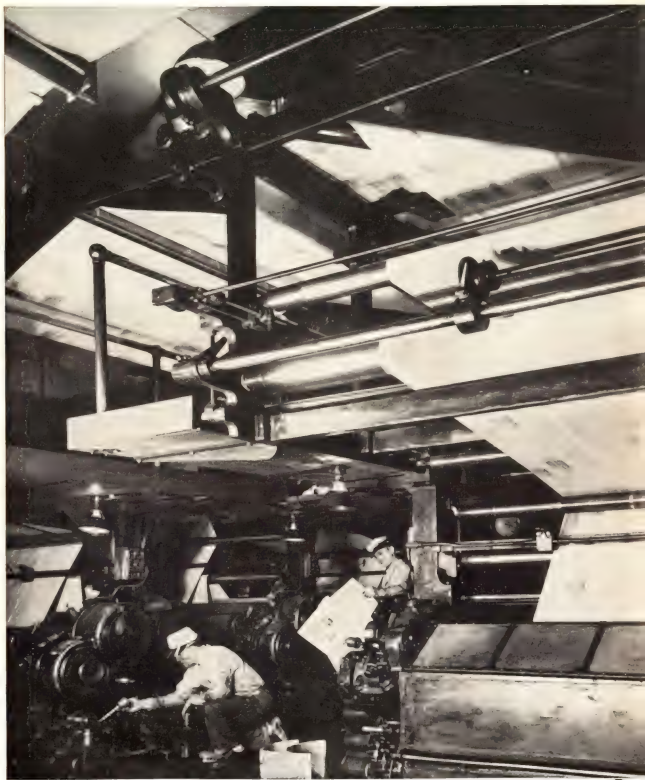
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An alert traffic consultant to a West Coast newspaper figured up the prospective freight bill on the paper's new pressroom equipment. The total made him blink. There must, he thought, be some way to reduce that cost.

Studying the problem, he decided that only part of the press was really machinery. The heavy base and frame were actually structural steel and iron designed to support the working parts. Structural steel and iron took a 40% lower rate.

He thought that by loading these structural members separately they should take the lower rate. Carrying this proposal to the railroad classification committees he was able to win them over to his way of thinking.

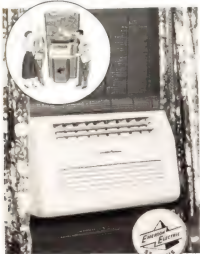
On short hauls the method wouldn't pay. The cost of dismantling the press and re-assembling it again would be more than the freight involved. But newspapers in the far west have saved many thousands of dollars because of a man who didn't stop with looking up the rate in a book.

More and more business is coming to realize that traffic management is a job that calls for creative imagination; clear thinking; salesmanship; and the ability to work with other people at the executive level.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Imitators

The common denominator of most summer TV shows is that they are usually tired imitators of winter TV shows. But occasionally there is an agreeable surprise. Some recent imitators, good and bad:

The Duke (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC) has echoes both of Damon Runyon and all the situation comedies from *I Love Lucy* to *The Life of Riley*. Starring Newcomer Paul Gilbert as a middleweight boxing champion who has been lured into culture through a business connection with a Harvard man (Claude Stroud), the opening script (written by Hollywood's Charles Isaacs and Jack Elinson) took a fresh and inventive look at a great many stock situations. Culture-bound Gilbert turns out to be a better than adequate painter with an inclination to color bananas blue; he suffers amusingly through a stint at the opera (someone told him it was "*Tristan versus Isolde*"), and brilliantly handles a pugnacious drunk at a nightclub. Allen Jenkins agonizes familiarly as the champ's trainer, and Phyllis Coates is eye-filling as a Park Avenue blonde.

Actor Gilbert, 29, was born into a vaudeville family in upstate New York, was early farmed out to a troupe of South American aerialists, and turned to comedy when he plunged through the safety net in a 65-ft. circus fall. An ex-fighter pilot, Gilbert sings well enough for light opera, can play five musical instruments, juggle, dance and do acrobatics. He will probably be around TV for quite a while.

On the Boardwalk (Sun. 8 p.m., ABC) is telecast from the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, and borrows its format from the *Original Amateur Hour*. Veteran Paul Whiteman serves as M.C., a panel of celebrities judges the performers, and each week some of the previous winners get a chance to show how much they have improved. Unlike the *Amateur Hour*, which runs 30 minutes, *On the Boardwalk* goes on for a full hour. It seems longer.

Two in Love (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS) borrows in all directions: from countless quiz shows, from *Bride & Groom*, from *This Is Your Life*. Frenetic Bert Parks tries to make all these elements stick together by bringing onstage a devoted couple and then surrounding them with assorted friends and relatives who give the lowdown on the romance and answer quiz questions to help pile up loot for the lovebirds.

Summer Holiday (Tues. & Thurs. 7:45 p.m., CBS) features Singer Betty Ann Grove, who used to be a TV colleague of Bert Parks and has absorbed much of his manic, eye-batting vitality. The co-star is Singer Merv Griffin. The show was created by Irving Mansfield, who last summer created almost exactly the same show for the same sponsor, but it was then called *Summertime*, U.S.A. and starred Singers Teresa Brewer and Mel Torme. Sponsored once a week by General Electric, it is mostly singing and dancing, and



THE DUKE (PAUL GILBERT)
A cultural connection.

each program pretends to visit a different U.S. vacation spot.

Doodles (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC), the brainchild of Funnymen Roger Price, has been seen in guest appearances on several winter programs. Now tricked out with the usual panel-and-M.C. format, the show has its own half-hour. Price draws diagrammatic outlines, and his panel tries to guess what the drawings represent. Occasionally, the answers are fairly amusing, but the panel (Playwright Marc Connelly, Actor Carl Reiner, Singer Denise Lor) floundered a good deal on the opening show and were saved only by the uninhibited Gallicisms of the guest panelist, Actress Denise Darcel.

Comment (Mon. 8:30 p.m., NBC) transfers the radio-style commentator to television and gives its audience a bumper helping of experts. On its opening show four pundits (NBC's Joseph C. Harsch, Bob Hecox and David Brinkley, and the New York Times's Arthur Krock) stepped up and spoke on subjects ranging from Indo-China to the Army-McCarthy hearings. Last week four more experts (NBC's Richard Harkness and Romney Wheeler, the Denver Post's Palmer Hoyt and the Manchester Guardian's Washington correspondent Max Freedman) dealt more coherently with the single subject: Anglo-American relations.

The Busy Air

¶ In Limestone, Me., the Air Force formally dedicated the nation's smallest TV station. A one-camera setup with a maximum range of three miles, the station serves the remote, 15,000-man air base with kinescopes of regular shows (the commercials are eliminated) and with live Air Force talent. Similar TV stations are planned for armed forces stations in such

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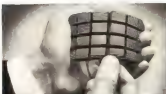


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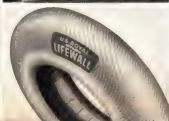
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isolated overseas areas as French Morocco, the Azores, Iceland and Saudi Arabia.

¶ In Manhattan, NBC demonstrated a new method for giving freedom of movement to TV singers. Soprano Joan Diener instead of being forced to stand near a microphone boom in order to be heard, was able to move at will in a TV studio by means of a tiny concealed microphone, transmitter and antenna. The antenna went around her waist as a belt, the transmitter was attached invisibly to her back, and the mike was hidden in her bodice. Total weight of the equipment: 8 oz.

¶ In Hollywood, Funnyman Eddie Cantor deserted live television for TV films. Cantor will make 39 TV films annually, as well as an equal number of recorded radio programs, for Ziv Television Programs, Inc. His return over the next seven years will be "in excess of \$9,000,000."

¶ In London, a bill for commercial television passed the House of Commons by a vote of 301-267, and now faces the House of Lords. In order to squeeze through Parliament, the bill had been so adulterated that commercial TVmen complained that it combined the worst features of government and commercial TV. Grumbled the London *Daily Mirror*: "It is all snaffle, hit and blinkers, but no horse."

¶ In Berlin, the United States Government radio station, RIAS, began its sixth year of broadcasting a program called *Suchdienst* (Searching Service). Its purpose: to help war victims find relatives and friends in East Germany. Since 1948, RIAS has put on the air the names of more than 50,000 missing persons—mostly children, D.P.s or P.W.s—and received 91,700 letters. Last week RIAS and *Suchdienst* announced that they had found their 5,000th missing person behind the Iron Curtain—a lost son who had been reported missing in action at Stalingrad eleven years ago.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 9. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

World Music Festivals (Sun. 1:05 p.m., CBS). Musical recordings from Bergen, Norway.

Vignette of Maude Adams (Sun. 3:15 p.m., NBC). A special program in memory of the actress.

Sunday with Garroway (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). With Helen Hayes, Guy Lombardo, Editor A.B.C. Whipple.

Strawhat Concert (Tues. 10:30 p.m., CBS). With Conductor Alfredo Antonini.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Stephen McNally in *Rabbit Foot*.

Stage Show (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS). With the Dorsey Brothers, Mindy Carson.

Out on the Farm (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). A new series on farm life, with Eddy Arnold.

Time for Color (Mon. 5 p.m., CBS). *Rapuzzel*, with the Salzburg Marionettes.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Heavyweights Tommy Jackson v. Nino Valdez.



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THEN THAT FINE AND THRIFTY Chevrolet performance is always a special pleasure. Chevrolet's high-compression

power—highest of any leading low-priced car—brings smoother, quicker response and important gasoline savings, too.

AND BEST OF ALL, MAYBE, is the eager, quiet, uncomplaining way your Chevrolet keeps on going wherever and whenever you want to go. You can count on it to start quickly and run smoothly night or day, fair weather or foul.

FOURTH BUT NOT LEAST, your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to show you how beautifully a fine, new Chevrolet will fit your family budget, too. For Chevrolet is priced below all other lines of cars. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



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THE PRESS

Free Press & Fair Trial

In criminal cases the prosecutor is often the first to run to the press with word that he has a confession and is sure of a conviction. On their part defense counsel are just as eager to try their cases in the press. Do such shenanigans hinder justice? They certainly do, says the New York State Bar Association's Committee on Civil Rights. At Saranac Inn, N.Y. last week, the Bar Association was considering a committee proposal to stop lawyers from talking to the press. The proposal called for state legislation making it "unlawful" for either prosecutor or defense attorney to talk before trial about evidence in a criminal case.

But the committee reckoned without



Walter Bennett

EDITOR JONES
Freedom, ten to one.

Alexander F. ("Casey") Jones, executive editor of the Syracuse Herald-Journal, onetime head of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and a debater at the lawyers' convention. Jones interpreted the proposal as "an out and out press gag." Said he: "If this had come up 15 years ago, I would guess the author to be Goebels. [For every] case where newspapers have [caused a man to be] sent to prison in a miscarriage of justice, [there are] ten where citizens won freedom through the ceaseless efforts of hard-working newspapermen." After hearing that, the New York lawyers substituted a watered-down proposal to "condemn as unprofessional press releases and public statements by lawyers . . . which may interfere with a fair trial . . ." On getting word of this, the Atlanta Bar Association went further. Its executive committee passed a resolution calling for legislation that would make a newspaper liable for contempt if it published "one-sided or prejudicial news

commentary" about a case before or during trial.

Gag Attempt? Even the watered-down New York resolution was too much for some editors, including Casey Jones, to take. Snapped the New York Daily News in an editorial: "[We will] fight this gag attempt in every . . . way [we] can think up." Said the trade paper *Editor & Publisher*: "It will be the people who eventually will suffer . . ."

Around the U.S., editors agreed that the resolution was a step in the wrong direction. To City Editor Ralph Shawhan of the Los Angeles Mirror, it was the beginning of "a gradual attempt [by] all the little pip-squeaks and politicians to suppress the news generally." Said Executive Editor Basil L. ("Stuffy") Walters of the Chicago Daily News: "Editors are getting pretty sore with lawyers who seem to believe courts belong to them . . ."

Sound from the Neck. To nobody's great surprise, the lone journalistic voice raised in all-out defense of a ban on pretrial reporting came from Columnist Westbrook Pegler, who is having his own court troubles (see below). Said Pegler in his column: "The contention that [such a ban] would violate freedom of the press is only a neck-sound unrelated to the heart of the subject."

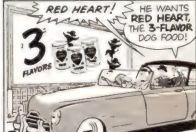
Pegler went on to decry the coverage of a current story about wife-swapping parties and murder at Amesbury, Mass. But the New York Journal-American, which carries Pegler's column, seemed oblivious to the neck-sounds emanating from that quarter. Same day, same edition, it ran a Page One streamer on the Amesbury case: "PASSION" SLAYER REPORTED READY TO INVOLVE LOVER.

"Spite Money"

When a federal jury in Manhattan awarded \$175,001 to Reporter Quentin Reynolds in his libel suit against Westbrook Pegler, it intended to punish Columnist Pegler and his publishing sponsors within the court's jurisdiction. It had deliberated more than twelve hours over the charge of Judge Edward Weinfeld pointing out the difference between punitive damages and "compensatory" damages, i.e., those to make up for any loss in Reynolds' earning power. Said the court: "Where it is established that a defendant was inspired by actual malice . . . the jury may award . . . punitive damages . . . or 'spite money' . . . Its purpose is punishment, and [the setting of] an example to deter repetition of the offense . . ." In the award, only \$1 was compensating damages. All the rest was punitive damages—\$100,000 against Pegler himself, \$50,000 against the Hearst Corp., whose King Features syndicates Pegler, and \$25,000 against Pegler's New York outlet, the *Journal-American*.^{*} But.

^{*} Among other dailies that publish Pegler's column: Miami Herald, Cincinnati Enquirer, Nashville Tennessean, Washington News.

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Pegler's pocket will not be punished. The Hearst corporations will have to pay the entire bill, since Pegler is protected in his contract against libel damages.

At week-end Defense Counsel Charles Henry argued that the verdict should be set aside because the award was excessive in view of the token compensatory damages. One of the troubles, he implied, was that Pegler's rambunctious courtroom manner had a poor effect on the jury. Replied Reynolds' attorney, Louis Nizer: "In a day when [reckless] extremities of certain writers have caused a serious problem, [we require] just such a lesson."

If Judge Weinfeld, who will rule in a fortnight, lets the verdict stand, Pegler will probably take the case to a higher court.

Mission to Moscow

Of all U.S. dailies, only the good, grey New York Times thinks it worth the trouble to keep a full-time correspondent in Moscow. For four years Harrison Salisbury, 45, former foreign-news editor of the United Press, has held down the job, and his heavily censored stories have often sounded more like Red propaganda than news. Last week Salisbury, who has been asking to be relieved, prepared to come home. The Times announced that he will be replaced, probably in September, by German Bureau Chief Clifton Daniel.

Newsman Daniel went to work for Josephus Daniels' Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer after graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1933, switched in 1937 to the Associated Press in New York, later reported for A.P. in Switzerland and London. He joined the Times staff in 1944, went into Belgium and Germany with the First Army. Now on home leave from Bonn, Cliff Daniel is boning up on Russian history and language before taking over his next job.

Fifth Amendment Firing

Before the House Committee on Un-American Activities last year, TV Scriptwriter Theodore S. Polumbaum of the United Press took refuge in the Fifth Amendment; he refused to say whether he was or ever had been a Communist. Next day U.P. fired him. Polumbaum, it said, had "intentionally created a doubt as to his honesty . . . and [his] conduct . . . was incompatible with the best interests of journalism."

The American Newspaper Guild protested the discharge, contending that Polumbaum should be judged on whether his copy had shown bias, not on his non-journalistic activities. But it agreed to let an arbitrator, appointed by the American Arbitration Association, decide. Last week, after deliberating for two months, Arbitrator George Spiegelberg, a Manhattan lawyer, upheld the discharge, though he thought that U.P.'s specific reasons for the firing had not been proved. Nevertheless, Spiegelberg held that "The fact that the customers of U.P. would or might believe that U.P. retained a biased reporter . . . gave U.P. just and sufficient cause for discharging such employee."

Routine Scoop

Like many an oldtime newsman, Leroy Simms, Birmingham correspondent of the Associated Press, has for years performed the tedious election night chore of tabulating vote returns. Last month, in Alabama's Democratic primary for attorney general, Reporter Simms sniffed a good story in his routine chore. And last week his careful tabulations paid off in a story as big as the election itself. After checking A.P.'s tabulations against the official count, a Birmingham grand jury indicted two men for vote fraud.

Correspondent Simms, 48, first became suspicious when he noticed that returns were coming in irregularly. The winner was crusading Lawyer Albert L. Patterson, who was shot and killed two weeks later (TIME, June 28). A.P.'s figures on his vote checked exactly with the official



ER. CHERRY-BROWN/REDA
CORRESPONDENT SIMMS
A story in digits.

count. But for Patterson's opponent, Lee ("Red") Porter, A.P. counted 1,405 fewer votes than the officials.

While he was trying to find out why, Reporter Simms got an anonymous telephone tip: "They stole 600 votes for Porter on one of the county totals." Simms found that in Jefferson County Porter's total had indeed been changed from the announced 23,060 to 23,660. On the official tally sheets, he found that ones had been changed to sevens, zeros to sixes and sevens to nines. Simms promptly wrote a story charging vote fraud, and put it on the wire.

After hearing testimony from Simms and his day editor, Stanley Atkins, who had also seen the altered vote sheets, the grand jury indicted two pro-Porter politicians: Russell County Solicitor Arch Ferrell (who said he was innocent), and Chairman Lamar Reid of Jefferson County's Democratic Executive Committee (who would make no statement).

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Passing Look

Midshipman William A. Kennington, coxswain of Navy's unbeatable (29 straight victories) crew, was a man with a past—four scholarly, non-athletic years at Vanderbilt University. Normally, no one would care. Last week, egged on by the Eastern College Athletic Conference, Annapolis authorities gave Kennington's past more than a passing look, and learned that they had made an embarrassing mistake.

Said Academy Superintendent Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy: "Although Kennington did not participate in intercollegiate athletics at Vanderbilt, he was ineligible for varsity participation at the Naval Academy. . . . Proud as we are to win championships, we do not want victory at the expense of the rules or at the cost of good sportsmanship. . . ." The trophies won by the Navy crew this season, seven in all, will be returned to the E.C.A.C. for the legal winners, if they want them. Coxswain Kennington will go on studying to become a naval officer.

"Old Drob"

The crowd was filing through the colonnades of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club when a ticket scalper spotted a possible customer heading for the main gate. Behind his dark sunglasses, the squat little man looked like a London clerk who had slipped away from the office to watch the finals of the 1954 Wimbledon tennis championships.

"Center court seat, sir?" whispered the scalper.

The little man smiled. "No, thank you," he said. "I shall have to stand during the match."

The man in dark glasses was Jaroslav Drobny, the Czech exile who had already spent the better part of ten Wimbledon tournaments on his feet, but had never walked off the green center court with the trophy that he, and all tennis amateurs, aspire to: the Wimbledon Challenge Cup.

Political Kibitzers. Last week Drobny made his last all-out try for the trophy. An old man by tennis standards (32), he was seeded No. 11. But he was playing the best tennis of his life. In the quarter-finals he polished off Australia's hard-hitting Davis Cupman Lew Hoad; in the semi-finals his booming service disposed of American Budge Patty (who had already knocked out Defending Champion Vic Seixas). In the finals, he found himself up against Ken Rosewall, a crafty, speedy and young (19) Australian, fresh from a five-set victory over top-seeded Tony Trabert of the U.S.

Unabashedly, the crowd—distinguished by such personages as Sweden's King Gustave, the Duchess of Kent—made "Old



NAVY'S KENNINGTON
Tarnish on the cup.

Drobny" its sentimental favorite. The son of the grounds keeper and the checkroom attendant at Prague's old Ice Hockey and Lawn Tennis Club, he had worked his way into the fashionable world of spotlight tennis through the back door, as a hallboy. He played in his first Wimbledon tournament 16 years ago, when Ken Rosewall was only three. In postwar Czechoslovakia, Drobny was a national sport hero. But when the Communists took over in Prague and began to jolt dialectics onto the tennis courts, Drobny refused to play along.

In 1949, while playing a tournament in Switzerland, Drobny and his doubles partner, Vladimir Cernik, refused to go home



WIMBLEDON'S DROBNY
Laughter on the court.

when the Czech government told them to bow out because a German and a Spaniard had entered. Life as a stateless tennis amateur was not easy. Drobny moved to Australia, then the U.S., always broke between matches. When a wealthy Egyptian tennis fan offered him a job and a chance to play all the tennis he wanted, Drobny became an Egyptian citizen, ultimately developed his own profitable export business.

Relaxed & Careful. A canny old campaigner, Drobny took his time warming up in the Wimbledon final. He chased only the shots he was sure he could get and he surprised the crowd by pounding steadily to Rosewall's backhand, probably the best in amateur tennis. The first set went to 13-11 before Drobny ran it out.

After that 24-game marathon, Old Drob looked tired. But he stuck to his relaxed and careful plan. Rosewall won the next set, 6-4, but Drobny made it hard, hot work for the youngster. In the third set, Old Drob changed tactics, and built himself a veritable wall at the net. Rosewall could rarely pass him: when he tried to lob over him, Drobny's overhead shots splattered all over Rosewall's end of the court. Drobny won that set 6-2.

Young Rosewall fought back through a fine last set. But now, for the first time in eleven tries at Wimbledon, Old Drob was running into luck. Low drives that hit the net cord dropped in for him, high lobs kicked up chalk on the baseline and his big service took on a wallaby's hop. With the score at 8-7, Drobny smacked across an ace on a second serve. The final point was an ace as well.

For a full five minutes the crowd of 15,000 cheered. Old Drob knew better than to try to jump the net. He simply stood there in mid-court, his arms spread, and roared with laughter. He had finally done it. "That's it," he said happily. "From here on in, it will be just fun. . . . I'll be back. But I don't think I'll win again. Maybe next year I will be too old."

Playing in a gusty wind that disturbed her usually impeccable game, Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly outlasted California's Louise Brough in the women's finals, 6-2, 7-5, and won the Wimbledon singles title for the third straight year.

Big Brawl in Bern

Neutral Switzerland has played host to many of history's most serious international wrangles, but none of them was as choiceful of noisy discord as the international meeting which drew to a roaring close last week in Bern's Wankdorf Stadium. Before 35,000 wildly yelling fans, teams from 16 different countries wound up the international competition for the Jules Rimet Cup, the world's highest soccer prize.

Contested every four years, the Rimet Cup in prewar years used to travel between Latin America and Italy. In 1950 Brazil got into the finals but lost out to Uruguay. Brazil promptly went into a week of mourning. This year the Brazilians were out to cop the cup. The team

6 No student is eligible for intercollegiate athletics for more than five years, after he first enters college. A bachelor's degree also means the end of eligibility. Kennington was out on both counts.

they had to beat: the lithe and husky Hungarians, 1952 Olympic champions and the hottest team out of Budapest since the Gabor sisters.

Party Line. Hungary, once a limp wrist in international competition, climbed to prowess because the Sports Ministry in Budapest's postwar Communist regime has stuck sternly to the party line that a people's democracy ought to breed winners; the politicians ride herd on the sportsmen to whip them into smooth teamwork. State doctors from the Institute for Sport Hygiene check up on training, state coaches work overtime to turn out well-drilled scoring machines. The fine eleven beat Britain's best in Budapest last May, soon after breezed into Bern and swept easily into the quarter finals for the Rimet Cup. Last week the Hungarians came up against the supercharged Brazilians.

On a rain-drenched field, the purple-shirted Hungarians got off to a fast two-goal start. Then the game warmed up. A flying block by Hungary's Mihaly Lantos turned the game into a brawling, free-style wrestling match. Toward the end of the game, Hungary's Joseph Bozsik (an M.P. in his spare time) started trading punches with Brazil's Newton Santos. Stubbornly impartial, English Referee Arthur Ellis threw both men out of the game. After that the two teams spent as much energy booting each other about the field as they spent on the ball. In the last few minutes, an enthusiastic Brazilian dropkicked Hungarian Back Gyula Lorant squarely into the nets for a field goal. It did not add to the score, heartwarming as the effort was, and Hungary won, 4-2.

Consolation Prize. The hot-tempered Latins did not take kindly to the defeat or the roughness. While Referee Ellis was rushing out of the stadium with a bodyguard of 20 Swiss police, a Brazilian player, as the Hungarians later told it, came forward to shake a friendly Hungarian hand. The two were still clasping hands when the Brazilian added a neat left to the chops. The Hungarian fell. The Brazilians insisted that it really began minutes before, when Hungarian Captain Ferenc Puskas hit Brazil's Joao Pinheiro in the face with a pop bottle. However it started, the fight swirled through the locker rooms, and players, spectators and officials got in licks with bottles, furniture, glass from shattered partitions and the toe-ends of good solid soccer boots. Swiss gendarmes surrounded the locker room, but for a while all they could do was keep out reinforcements. If it was any consolation, Brazil won the brawl, two casualties to six.

Later last week, the Hungarians patched up their hides, whipped Uruguay, the defending champions, 4-2, and took on West Germany in the finals. The Hungarians had already beaten the Germans (8-3) in the early rounds and figured to do it again. The unforgiving Germans figured otherwise. To almost unanimous surprise, Hungary's Olympic champions were licked, 3-2, and went back home with nothing but their bruises.

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Harvey's Hero

To Hollywood Haberdasher Harvey Othel Knox, 45, picking a college for stepson Ronnie was simply a business transaction—like selling a \$250 suit. A handsome 180-pounder, long-legged (6 ft. 1 in.) Ronnie was one of the hottest high-school backfield stars ever to hit Southern California. Some 27 colleges were bidding for his services. For Harvey, the only question was: Which institution of higher education would he be willing to pay the right price?

Harvey mused over the bright promises. Was a brand-new convertible right now better, for example, than the guarantee of a future job in the oil industry? It was a tough problem. The most intriguing offers seemed to come from partisans of the University of California at Berkeley. Did Ronnie want to be a writer? All right—someone at Berkeley promised him a job as sportswriter on the Berkeley *Gazette*. Was he interested in advertising? Fine. Alumni among the admen would be glad to get Ronnie a job in an agency. And for more immediate pin-money needs, Berkeley offered the maximum student grants-in-aid and top priority for writing jobs at the university's proposed million-dollar TV station. Along with everything else, of course, he would get an education—even a degree.

The Kentucky Fort. Father Harvey decided that the U. of C. had his boy's best interests at heart, so last year, with Harvey looking over his shoulder, Ronnie signed on the dotted line. Cracked a sportswriter: "Harvey acts as if the kid's first name is Fort."

As a freshman, Ronnie turned in a creditable job in the classroom and on the football field. But at varsity practice this spring, Head Coach Lynn Waldorf still showed an uncommon fondness for his holdover varsity quarterback, Paul Larson, who happened to be last season's leading collegiate ground-gainer. Father Harvey filed a loud and public demurrer. His boy was not appreciated, he said. What was more, all those fine promises were turning out to be fakes, and Ronnie's All-America passing arm had even been put to work washing windows, like any muscle-headed tackle earning his college keep. He and Ronnie were capable of transferring their talents elsewhere. Harvey reminded "Pappy" Waldorf ominously.

The Happy Loser. Last week Ronnie made good Harvey's threat. The boy turned up as a transfer student at U.C.L.A., U. of C.'s arch rival. U.C.L.A., his stepfather explained, has "courses more conducive to his learning." In the process of changing schools, although he has merely switched to another branch of the same university, Ronnie has lost a year's eligibility as a football player, but Harvey Knox is willing to pay the penalty in return for a chance to see Ronnie perform for two years under U.C.L.A. Coach "Red" Sanders. "I like him," said Harvey simply.

The loser in the deal, Coach Waldorf,



Los Angeles Times
HABERDASHER KNOX & RONNIE (IN PHOTO)
A higher education.

took the blow philosophically, even left a candle in the window in the event Ronnie Knox changed his mind again.

"Sure we'd take Ronnie back," said Pappy. "But let's transfer the old man to U.C.L.A."

Scoreboard

¶ In Henley, England, after arguing that rank discrimination had given them a bad starting position in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup (*Time*, July 5), Russia's eight-man crew bent to their red-tipped sweeps with extra vigor, pulled ahead of England's Leander Club early in the race, and finished a decisive 2½ lengths in front. In the only regatta final involving an American crew, M.I.T. took the Thames Challenge Cup from the Royal Navy by 2½ lengths.

¶ At Massachusetts' Salem Country Club, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, who plays golf by "loosening up the girdle and belting the ball," finished far ahead of the field in the U.S. Women's Open golf championship, her biggest win since her recovery from an operation for cancer last year. In second place behind the Babe's impressive three-over-par 291: North Carolina's Betty Hicks, with 301.

¶ In Atlantic City, N.J., the Rev. Bob Richards of the Los Angeles Athletic Club won only one event in the national A.A.U. decathlon championships—the pole vault. But his record-breaking jump of 15 ft. earned him 1,122 points, moved him up from fourth and gave him the decathlon title with a total of 6,501. In second place: Aubrey Lewis, a 19-year-old Negro high-school graduate from Montclair, N.J., with 6,118.

¶ In Pittsburgh, despite Centerfielder Willie Mays's 25th home run of the season, the New York Giants were knocked out of an eight-game winning streak by the last-place Pirates. But the Giants' long week of winning baseball included a three-game series with the Brooklyn Dodgers, and left them a solid four games in front of the National League.

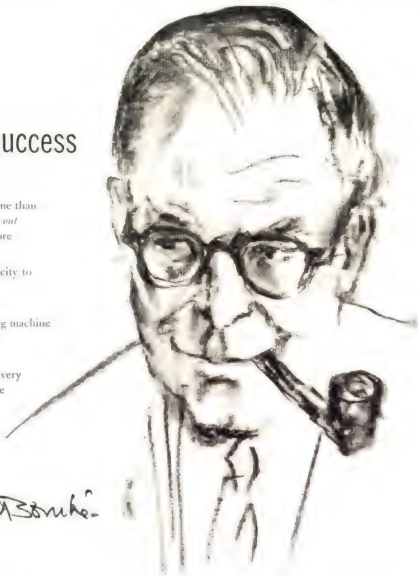
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EDUCATION

The Strategists

As the primary race for the governorship officially got under way last week, Georgia found that its eight male Democratic candidates were at least agreed on one thing: not one had any intention of doing away with segregation in the public schools. Lest there be any doubt, seven of the would-be governors had gone on record before the 21-man, all-white Georgia education commission, especially set up to explore ways and means of circumventing the U.S. Supreme Court's historic anti-segregation decision. Unlike the only woman in the race—Lawyer Grace Wilkey Thomas, past president of the Women's Bar Association of Georgia ("There does not seem to me to be anything to do but obey the law")—the seven all had various strategies:

¶ Lawyer Ben Garland of Jackson: empower local school boards to segregate the schools on the basis of sex, color, or whatever other qualifications they wish.

¶ Charles Gowen of Brunswick: empower county superintendents to designate the school and class each student should attend, and if the Supreme Court doesn't like that, "close the schools."

¶ Lieut. Governor S. Marvin Griffin of Atlanta: let city and county school boards assign each student to a school. Griffin also suggested a residency requirement to keep "foreign agitators" out of the state. "Social equality," said he, "is impossible. The schools are not going to be mixed come hell or high water."

¶ Fred Hand of Pelham, speaker of the house: adopt not one plan but many, and keep all these a secret in order to thwart the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "If we run out of plans, I'd be in favor of the private-school plan . . . I believe in segregation so strongly . . . that I'd gladly go to jail."

¶ Former Acting Governor Melvin E. Thompson of Valdosta: amend the U.S. Constitution to give the states exclusive rights over the schools.

¶ Tom Linder of Hazlehurst, commissioner of agriculture: let the state support segregated schools and perhaps give educational grants to persons willing to attend "mixed" schools. But such persons ("a mere lunatic fringe," according to Linder) might well be required to take a psychiatric test first.

¶ Edmond Barfield of Atlanta, president of the National Association of Handicaps: abolish the Supreme Court.

The Optimist

School Superintendent Alexander Jerry Stoddard of Los Angeles is a genial, ruddy-faced man with the patience of Penelope and the optimism of Dr. Pangloss. Last week, as he stepped down as the head of one of the nation's largest school systems, he could claim a record of sorts. Few U.S. superintendents have sailed through quite so many tempests—or managed to weather them quite so well.

A graduate of Nebraska State Teachers College in Peru, Stoddard started teaching to support himself through law school. But after a few months on the job, "I came home and told my wife that teaching was my field, and I've been in it ever since." By 1948, armed with a master's from Columbia Teachers College and a doctorate from the Rhode Island College of Education, he had held a succession of superintendencies—Bronxville, Schenectady, Providence, Denver, Philadelphia. But even that was not enough to prepare him fully for his experiences in L.A.

Plenty of Trouble. One of the first troubles Stoddard had to face was a scandal involving the selection of the school system's telephone operators. In 1950 a grand jury began investigating charges



Los Angeles STODDARD

Bumps in the middle of the road.

that the operators' examinations were "rigged" to discriminate against Jews and Negroes. Though this investigation was eventually dropped, the board was soon faced with even graver charges involving its awarding of school contracts. The result: four of its members were either defeated in elections or removed from office.

With that storm passed, Stoddard found himself headed into another. This time the cause of the ruckus was a teacher's manual about UNESCO that Stoddard had hoped to use in the schools. Some citizens, however, led by Hearst's *Herald & Express*, had other ideas. UNESCO, the critics charged, tended to subvert nationalism in favor of one world, and this in turn was closely akin to Communist internationalism. The local American Legion joined the attack, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars passed a resolution condemning "this planned corruption of the American children's minds." Eventually, the anti-UNESCO chorus grew to such volume



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that Stoddard was forced to withdraw the manual.

When he decided to accept a \$335,000 Ford Foundation grant for a special teacher-training program to alleviate L.A.'s perennial shortage, the *Herald & Express* erupted once again. The whole idea, the paper grumbled, seemed to be some sort of plot. Had not the foundation's former President Paul Hoffman favored UNESCO? Was Stoddard thus merely using the grant "to swing UNESCO . . . back" into the schools again? "Pink Socialism," cried the paper—and Stoddard was forced to drop the grant.

Plenty of Hum. In spite of such setbacks, Stoddard maintained his equilibrium. "You know," says he, "anybody who serves the total public is in the midst of life. The school superintendent does not live in a house by the side of the road; he's right smack in the middle of the road, and sometimes he gets bumped." Though humped aptly, Superintendent Stoddard kept his schools humming. He upped the annual budget from \$90 million to \$110 million, put through a school bond issue for \$130 million. He has put up scores of new school buildings.

He built four new junior colleges, reorganized the city's trade schools, upped teacher salaries from an average \$4,200 to \$5,400. Most important, he has kept his optimism. "You see," says he, "our school system is the biggest thing the country has to offer. Most of the troubles I can take in stride because it's part of the job. School boards? I've seen them come and go, be good and bad, but the school system rolls right along." Last week, as 6-year-old Superintendent Stoddard ended his long career and made ready to move to the side of the road, L.A. was still rolling, largely because of the mellow optimist who could take things in his stride.

Report Card

¶ After eight weeks of struggling to prove that the nation's tax-exempt foundations had somehow been responsible for promoting something that seemed somewhat un-American or something, a House Special Committee, headed by Tennessee's Republican Brazilla Carroll Reece, decided by a party-line vote (Republicans 3, Democrats 2) to end public hearings and to allow the foundations to submit sworn written statements instead. Official reason for the decision: "In order to expedite the investigation and to develop the facts in an orderly and impartial manner." But Ohio's Democrat Wayne Hays had another version: "In view of the fact that the case presented by the staff of the committee and the mere handful of witnesses was so utterly nonsensical and without basis in fact that it fell of its own weight, it seems to me that the action taken today was the least embarrassing way that Mr. Reece and his staff could get offstage."

¶ Appointment of the week: Merle M. Odgers, 54, since 1936 president of Philadelphia's Girard College for orphans, to succeed Horace Hildreth, now U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan, as president of Bucknell University at Lewisburg, Pa.

This Currier & Ives reproduction shows two "Lightning Express" trains, about 1863.



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SCIENCE

Midland Man

The most famous "oldest American" is Folsom man, known by his peculiar, fluted spearheads. These "points" have turned up in many parts of the U.S., and since they have been found with the bones of extinct animals, they are supposed to be about 10,000 years old. But Folsom man himself is an anthropological ghost; his own bones have not been found.

About a year ago, Keith Glasscock, a pipeline welder and amateur archaeologist, spent a Sunday afternoon poking around the Scharbauer Ranch near Midland, Texas. In a "blow-out" (a hollow scooped by wind), he found some Folsom points. When he returned a few days later, the wind had dug the hollow deeper. On the surface of the blowing sand were fragments that looked like broken human bones. Glasscock picked them up, but was wise enough not to dig without expert advice.

Extinct Animals. On vacation a few days later, he went to Santa Fe and told Anthropologist Fred Wendorf of the Museum of New Mexico about his bones and points. Dr. Wendorf was so enthusiastic that Glasscock gave him the whole collection. Soon Wendorf and a group of learned colleagues were digging a trench at the Midland site. They found a few more bone fragments, and six months later, in a full-dress expedition, found a selection of ice-age animals, most of which were probably extinct before the period of Folsom man. It looked as if both human and animal bones had come from a stratum of grey sand that lay considerably below the reddish sand containing the Folsom points.

The diggers made no announcement. Like most anthropologists, they had been intimidated by the recent British proof that the remains of Piltdown man, reputedly 950,000 years old, were a deliberate fake. They did not want to say anything until the bones, which had been sent to Anthropologist T. Dale Stewart of the U.S. National Museum at Washington, had been scientifically authenticated.

Fluorine Proof. Last week they got the news. Dr. Stewart had fitted about 60 of the fragments into part of a skull, and he was convinced that it is extremely old for a relic of New World man. Dr. F. J. McClure of the National Institute of Health analyzed both animal and human bones for their fluorine content, which increases with age. He decided that their age is about the same. Since the animals lived in the Pleistocene (glacial) era, "Midland man" must be Pleistocene too. He may have lived anywhere from 2,000 to 10,000 years before Folsom man, who therefore remains a ghost, but is no longer the oldest American.

Midland man, according to Dr. Stewart, had a long, narrow skull and probably looked like a modern Indian. The bones found were probably those of a male who had serious trouble with his teeth. At the



ANTHROPOLOGIST STEWART & SKULL
An ice-age toothache.

time of his death, when the glaciers still covered much of the U.S., one of his teeth was growing up toward his nose.

While the Midland diggers were proceeding with commendable caution, the relics found at Piltdown (and accepted for years without sufficient tests) had a second and more thorough exposing by British scientists. Not only the human remains but the animal ones, too, were proved to be fakes. The flint implements found with "Piltdown man" had been shaped with a steel knife. The perpetrator of the erudite hoax is still unknown.

Flight of a Shadow

Never did a solar eclipse get as much attention as the one of last week. It could be seen—at least partially and weather permitting—by about one-third of the earth's population. Never was an eclipse so thoroughly observed.

At Minneapolis and St. Paul, near the start of the eclipse, the sun rose in a clear sky with a small bite of its bright disk already nibbled away by the moon. Early risers, on roofs or in parks, had a perfect view of totality, with all the weird effects that they had been reading about. But the scientists were taking no chances. One group, led by Dr. Donald Menzel, head of the Harvard College Observatory, took spectroscopic motion pictures from a high-flying Stratocruiser. A task force from the University of Chicago pictured the sun's glowing corona with a photoelectric scanning device more sensitive than any eye or photographic film.

As the shadow of the moon swept northeast into Canada, it ran into more unfavorable weather. On the path of totality, near Hudson Bay, clouds covered the

earth. Scientists from New York's American Museum of Natural History had a good observation point in an American Airlines plane that flew above the low clouds and dodged the patchy high ones.

As the moon's shadow raced over Greenland, it was waylaid by Sir Harold Spencer Jones, Britain's Astronomer Royal and lord of Herstmonceux Castle, now the Royal Observatory. Sir Harold chased the shadow from Greenland to Iceland in an R.A.F. bomber, prolonging his view of totality by 22 seconds as he looked for daylight aurora. He saw none.

Jet View. On swept the shadow at 3,000 m.p.h. The Shetland Islands were covered with storm clouds, but southern Britain was reasonably clear, and millions of Britons saw the partial eclipse. Most spectacular view of totality was from 21 Canberra jet bombers of the R.A.F., which flew so high (30,000 ft.) that the shadow looked like an oval black shape in the cloud deck far below.

Crossing Norway, Sweden and Finland, mostly covered with clouds, the shadow entered Russia, where more than 30 ground observatories, Russian and satellite, were waiting for it. Northern Russia was cloudy, but the weather improved in the south, and stations in the Caucasus had excellent observing. In Iran a U.S. expedition was clouded over, but Father Francis J. Heyden of Georgetown University made up for it partially by winning a \$400 rug from Iranian astronomers. They had bet him that the eclipse would not happen at all.

Sacred Ponds. In India, which the shadow reached just before sundown, came a kind of climax. For hours before the eclipse, orthodox Hindus had fasted, lest the food in their stomachs be polluted before it could be digested. Pregnant women hid in dark closets. At the sacred ponds of Kurukshetra and Sanyahet, near Delhi, waited 500,000 pilgrims who believed that during a solar eclipse all the sacred rivers of the world would flow into the two ponds, and that to bathe in them at that time would purge the soul of all sins. Since both the ponds were nearly dry, the Indian government had drilled six wells and pumped them brim full.

To pious Hindus, a solar eclipse is caused by a demon named Rahu who is only a severed head. He hates the sun because it was instrumental in getting his head removed; so every now and then he tries to swallow the sun.

As the sun shrank in size and brilliance, the 500,000 pilgrims bathed and worried and prayed. This time, they feared, Rahu might swallow the sun for good. But as the sun grew bright again, the 500,000 bathers rejoiced. What had happened, of course, was that Rahu, being only a head, could not swallow the sun for keeps. It passed into his mouth and was obscured temporarily. Then it popped out of his severed gullet as brilliant as ever.

When the sun set in India, the flight of the shadow was over. Scientists throughout the world packed their instruments and prepared for the long process of evaluating their data.

TIME, JULY 12, 1954

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Instead of tossing a dignified clerical hat into the air at Congress' decision to insert the words "under God" in the pledge of allegiance to the Flag (TIME, May 17), the Episcopal Living Church this week confined itself to a stern little sermon on its meaning.

"The invocation of the Almighty . . . is a serious business. God is not easily flattered, and we suspect that His interest in this reference to Him is conditioned strictly [by] the extent to which our national decisions and policies and actions are 'under God' . . ."

"So let us not understand 'under God' as a declaration of national righteousness. Let us rather understand it as an admission of national imperfection and incompleteness. It is a declaration of internationalism because we know that God loves all men impartially; a confession of sin because we know that only Christ is without sin; a cry of weakness because we know that our nation is not spiritually strong enough to die redemptively; and, withal, a declaration of trust and hope because we believe that (since Christ did die redemptively) God has a mission for us that is within our power to fulfill."

The Man in the Middle

A tired, 63-year-old man went back to work last week at a fearsome job, and the 16 million Protestants in Communist East Germany gave thanks for his decision. Heinrich Grüber's white hair is thinning rapidly and he is racked with angina pectoris, but there is nobody who has proved able to deal so effectively with the Communists on behalf of East Germany's Protestants.

Courage and pain trained Pastor Grüber for his job. In 1934 the Nazis ousted him from his post as director of a children's home in Templin, Brandenburg. His church sent him to a parish in East Berlin. Victims of the Nazis soon learned that Pastor Grüber would help them, and many of them fled to his church for refuge. He set up an underground organization to hide them in apartments, penthouses and garden sheds, to smuggle them abroad.

The Knock on the Door. In 1940, just before Christmas, there came the inevitable knock on the door. At the concentration camp in Sachsenhausen, the Nazis knocked out Grüber's front teeth. At Dachau, they threw his body on a pile of corpses after a heart attack had left him more dead than alive. He got out in 1943.

After the war, Grüber was appointed pastor of the Marienkirche, the oldest undestroyed church in Berlin's inner city. Several of the men he had known in concentration camps became top officials in the Communist government, and they trusted the earnest, red-faced man whose

religious principles had led him to the same ugly places as their political convictions had led them. In 1949 Pastor Grüber was appointed plenipotentiary from the Evangelical Church to the Communist government at Pankow.

He became the man in the middle. The Western press attacked him when, after a visit to Communist-run Sachsenhausen, he announced that the inmates received better food and treatment than under the Nazis. But soon after his visit, 15,000 prisoners in Soviet zone concentration camps were released in an amnesty credited to Grüber; another Grüber-inspired amnesty is said to be imminent.

No Talent for Politics. Recently, Pastor Grüber was criticized—this time by his own church synod—because he appeared at an East German "National



PASTOR GRÜBER
Vindication in amnesty.

Congress," publicly condemned the presence of U.S. atomic cannon in Germany, and called for a ban on nuclear weapons, a step the Russians favor. Pastor Grüber asked the synod to accept his resignation.

When word spread through Soviet Germany that Heinrich Grüber might go, consternation welled up among the Protestants, and protest rolled in. "There must be a way to relieve Pastor Grüber of his pastoral duties without necessarily jeopardizing his position as plenipotentiary . . ." Said the weekly *Potsdam Kirche*: "Too many people are waiting for his services."

Last week the Evangelical Church's Bishop Otto Dibelius announced that Grüber, though he would no longer be pastor of the Marienkirche, would continue his job of go-between. Said Heinrich Grüber as he went back to work: "I have no talent for politics. I entered into politics only to help men."



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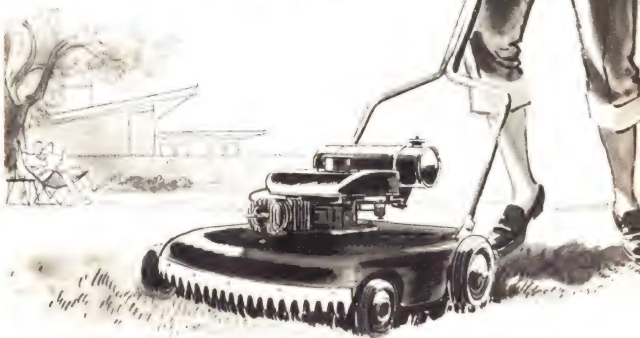


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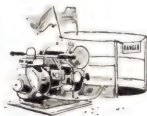
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Collector's Item

Deep in his heart, every art collector yearns to pick up a painting for a few dollars, dust it off and discover it is really a long-lost old master. For one collector, the wish has come true. In Johannesburg, Businessman (tire-recapping) Maurice Hirsch poked around at a local auction sale and bought for \$375 a painting he thought "looked good." Local collectors were doubtful, but Hirsch sent detail photographs of the painting to Belgian Historian Leo van Puyvelde. The verdict: Van Puyvelde had examined that very painting before in 1937. It is, he wrote, *L'Erection de la Croix*, a "genuine work by Anthony Van Dyck, where the creative power of the painter expresses itself masterfully." Estimated value: \$30,000.

Man of Stone

One of the striking sights in Mexico City is the new Communications and Public Works building, not so much because of its great glass and steel bulk as because of a series of brilliant mosaics which run like a bright tapestry over vast expanses of the exterior walls. On the building's north façade the mosaics soar to a ten-story climax where a great mural in reds, yellows and greens covers 4,800 sq. ft. In the center is a figure symbolizing *La Patria*, a woman dressed in Indian costume; above her is a Mexican eagle flanked by representations of Revolutionist Emiliano Zapata and Aztec Emperor

Cuauhtémoc; below are a plumed serpent (the god Quetzalcoatl) and various Indian types. Other walls are crowded with Mexican heroes, symbols of Indian deities and illustrations of Communications Ministry activities—railroad locomotives, bridges, telegraph lines.

The Edifice Complex. The startling ten-story mosaic pattern is the latest work of Architect-Muralist Juan O'Gorman, a shy, hard-working artist of 49, who likes to keep trying for new ideas in expression. The son of an Irish mining engineer and a Mexican-Irish mother, O'Gorman was struck as a youth by the extraordinary artistic renaissance which produced the great murals of Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros. He came out of architecture school in 1927 temporarily endowed, like his contemporaries, with an edifice complex, functional phase. Hired by the Mexican government in 1932 to build schools in the capital, the young designer created box after concrete box, and in three years he studded the city with enough small schools to provide classrooms for 40,000 students. But finally O'Gorman got fed up with the chaste severity that characterizes functionalism. "Truly functional architecture," he explained, "is cheaper [but] it's an engineering proposition." The style, he decided, had become a fetish instead of a means of saving money.

O'Gorman graduated to Frank Lloyd Wright's "organic" architecture. He became a crusader for regional design, scorning European influences, concentrating on

Mexican materials and forms that fitted Mexican tradition and environment. But in those days such ideas were against the temper of the times, and commissions were hard to get. So O'Gorman turned to painting, and developed in two directions at once: some of his canvases were meticulously realistic, others violently expressionistic. He enjoys his imaginative painting. But his conscience makes him prefer his realistic style because "it is easier to look at and live with. In general, good as modern painting can be, you get tired of it after a while. Art is like making love or eating. It is a pleasure, not something you have to learn."

The Geologic Search. Through the years, O'Gorman puzzled over a way to make outdoor murals, finally hit upon the idea of using naturally colored stones. He became an amateur geologist, traveled hundreds of miles—sometimes on donkey-back—searching for stones that would keep their hues through decades of punishing sun and rain. After several years, he had collected 160 samples of volcanic and sedimentary rock, and from these he chose 15 for their color and availability. When Architect Carlos Lazo lured O'Gorman back into architecture to help design a library for the University of Mexico (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953), O'Gorman seized the chance to try his scheme for murals by facing the walls of the library tower with his first big stone mosaic. As a result, he was commissioned by Lazo (now the Communications Minister) to do murals for the Communications building.

Since it was obviously impractical to put up his huge mosaics stone by stone, O'Gorman devised his own method. First, he sketches out his designs in a workshop, then colors sections of the design and pastes them on small building models to see how they will look. Then he draws sections of his mural in actual scale on brown paper, designating color by letter symbol, and finally divides the sheets into one-meter squares.

The Last Plaque. In another workshop, girls spread the sheets on tables, each square in its own wooden frame, then lay out the variously colored stones in the designated spaces. Masons cover the stones with cement. Some 6,000 such squares, each weighing 170 lbs., were constructed, numbered, raised to the building walls to complete the Communications building design. For O'Gorman, it was a tough morning-to-night grind; in addition to the drawing and painting, he supervised the stone-laying and cementing, climbed about the building to see that the plaques were correctly placed. "I invented this technique," O'Gorman explains. "I had to, because I didn't know any other way to do it."

Last week O'Gorman supervised the placement of the final plaque and officially turned his mural over to the government. How long would it stand against the weather? A geologist friend warned that some of the specimen rocks were too soft—they might not last more than 500 years. "Fine," replied Juan O'Gorman. "That's long enough for me."



DESIGNER O'GORMAN & NEW MOSAIC
"Art is like making love or eating."

Robert LeBar



PAUL CÉZANNE FINISHED THIS MAJESTIC VIEW OF "LA MONTAGNE SAINTE-VICTOIRE" IN 1900

MOUNTAIN IN PROVENCE

ALTHOUGH he journeyed often to Paris and other parts of France seeking subject material for his inspired brush, Painter Paul Cézanne always returned to his home town of Aix-en-Provence. He seemed to thrive best in the sunny, sleepy atmosphere of Provence, with its sloping vineyards bathed in Mediterranean light and its vistas of baked mountains seen through cool green pines. He liked to hire a carriage and ride out to a spot on the road south from Aix where the view of Mount Sainte-Victoire especially appealed to him. There, sitting beneath a pine

tree, Cézanne painted the swirling, dramatic picture above, catching on canvas the marvelous interplay of lights and shadows of his beloved Provence.

In 1902, four years before his death, Cézanne built a studio on the Chemin des Lauves, half a mile north of Aix, commanding a fine view of the town and the surrounding mountains. Cézanne painted most of his last pictures in this studio. This week Cézanne's old studio, purchased and restored by an international committee, was formally opened as a museum and memorial to the French master.



Pagentry marks the opening of Salinas' famed 44-year old rodeo

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MUSIC

Word Germs

Into Tin Pan Alley's Broadway capitol, the Brill Building, there passes each day a hustling parade of tunesmiths and music agents, each hopeful that he carries the answer to a song publisher's prayer. "This number is the greatest," one says, or "I gotta song here, it'll fracture 'em." The publishers buy such songs in the hundreds each year, and record-company presses compound the fractures by turning them out with the regularity of automatic cookie cutters. The multitude of dinks is largely devoted, of course, to love, and mostly in songs that court, exhort or comfort.

One man deeply saddened by this phenomenon is University of Chicago Semanticist S. I. (for Samuel Ichiye) Hayakawa.



SEMANTICIST HAYAKAWA
A multitude of dinks.

A small, vigorous Japanese-Canadian of 47, Vancouver-born Dr. Hayakawa is editor of the quarterly, *ETC.: A Review of General Semantics*, writes books and magazine pieces, and is a devoted jazz fan. Word Man Hayakawa finds the lyrics of most popular songs unspeakably bad. Says he: "The words of true jazz songs, especially the Negro blues, tend to be highly realistic and unsentimental in their statements about life. The words of popular songs . . . pretty much the product of white songwriters for white audiences, are full of wishful thinking, dreamy and ineffectual nostalgia, unrealistic fantasy, self-pity and sentimental clichés masquerading as emotion."

For a summer conference on general semantics at St. Louis, Hayakawa organized his antipathy to pop lyrics into a thesis based on what a fellow semanticist has labeled "the IFD disease." IFD, explained Hayakawa, is a "triple-threat se-

mantic disorder" of *Idealization* (the making of impossibly ideal demands on life), which leads to *Frustration* (when *Idealization's* demands are not met), which in turn leads to *Demoralization*. Tin Pan Alley, says Hayakawa, breeds IFD germs as Jersey swamps breed mosquitoes. "First, there is an enormous amount of idealization, the creation of a wishful dream girl or dream boy, the fleshly counterpart of which never existed on earth:

*Some day he'll come along, the man
I love
And he'll be big and strong, the man
I love . . .*

"Then, of course, one meets a young person of the other sex, and a tremendous amount of projection begins:

*I took one look at you, that's all I
meant to do,
And then my heart stood still . . .*

*You were meant for me, I was meant
for you . . .*

"Love is depicted in most white popular songs as . . . magic. There is never an indication . . . that, having found the dream girl or dream man, one's problems are just beginning. Rather . . . having found one's ideal, all problems are forever solved

*It'll have a blue room, a new room,
for two room,
It'll have every day's a holiday because
you're married to me . . ."*

The housing problem is promptly and magically solved:

*A turn to the right, a little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven . . .*

"The unrealistic expectations" created by the idealization hugs then bring on "disappointment, disenchantment, frustration, and, most importantly, self-pity." Hence:

*My heart is aching, my heart is
breaking . . .*

Next, says Hayakawa, comes the demoralization or despair:

*I'll never laugh again, what good would
it do?
For tears would fill my eyes, my heart
would realize . . .*

"And what is the final step?" says he. "When the world of reality becomes unmanageable, a common practice is to retreat into a symbolic dream world. . . . The psychiatric profession classifies this retreat as schizophrenia:

*I'm going to buy a paper doll that I
can call my own,
A doll that other fellows cannot
steal . . ."*

There is probably little hope for improvement, the current crop of songs being as germ-laden with IFD as ever. But for the man who wants to listen to

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nonclassical music without danger of infection, Hayakawa recommends Negro blues. They have shortcomings, says he, but always as a recurrent theme Negro blues assert "the will to live."

New Records

Between 1938 and 1943 the ears of U.S. music lovers bent to one of the most unusual singers they had ever heard. Her name was Elsie Houston; she was born in Brazil; she was the great-great-granddaughter of the grandfather of Texas' Sam Houston, and she could trumpet like a fishwife or trill like a bird. On the concert stage (once 22,000 people gathered at Washington's Water Gate to hear her), she divided her program between art songs and Brazilian folk songs. In nightclubs she liked to dim the lights to a pair of candles, pick up a finger drum, and let her voice go up in smoke for a savage



SOPRANO HOUSTON
Smoky tones by candlelight.

voodoo number or wail some agonizing quarter tones in an ox driver's lament. Then she would startle her listeners by a playful ditty sung with a lilting girlish quality.

At the summit of success, Elsie Houston found the world too burdensome, and one night in 1943 she ended her life with an overdose of sleeping tablets. But luckily some of her finest performances were captured on records and ten of them have been reissued on an LP as *Elsie Houston Sings Brazilian Songs* (Victor). Even her ghost makes other folk singers seem pale.

Other new records:

Debussy: *Preludes, Books 1 & 2* (Reine Gianoli pianist: Westminster, 2 LPs). A two-part testament from a composer who seduced new sounds out of the piano, and changed the world's attitude

toward it. These 24 masterpieces include such atmospheric stand-bys as the *Sunken Cathedral* and *Girl with the Flaxen Hair* as well as evocations of more earthly items, a city of ancient Egypt, a Greek column, a picture on a postcard. Pianist Gianoli plays them with tenderness and, when it is called for, fiery gusto.

Poulenc: Les Mamelles de Tirésias (Denise Duval, Jean Giraudeau; Opéra-Comique Chorus and Orchestra conducted by André Clutyens; Angel). In this all but untranslatable farce (composed to the poem by Guillaume Apollinaire), a young wife divests herself of the charms of her sex and "becomes" a man, while her husband sets about creating children artificially, with surrealistically tragic results. In the end both resume their normal relationship, and the curtain falls on a moral: "Dear audience, go make children." It is all done up in Poulenc's sauciest style, with impudent moments of Puccinesque sugar and Wagnerian bombast, but for real fun must be followed with the libretto. Soprano Duval tops a fine cast.

Prokofiev: Cello Sonata, Op. 119 (Edmund Kurtz and Artur Balsam; Columbia). A 1949 product of Russia's late top-notch composer, this work is unrestrainedly, even sentimentally, melodious, with little of Prokofiev's characteristic persimmony tang. Russian-born Cellist Kurtz gives it a singing performance.

Ravel: Songs (Gérard Souzay, baritone; Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Edouard Lindenberg; London). Three of the most elegantly contrived songs of the century, sung with utmost appeal by a man who seems to understand every nuance.

Rossini: William Tell Overture (NBC Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Victor). No man alive, not even the Lone Ranger, can put the spur to an old war horse as the Maestro does to this one. It should not be missed.

Strauss: Elektra Highlights (Christel Goltz, Elisabeth Höngen, Ferdinand Frantz; Bavarian State Orchestra conducted by Georg Solti; Decca). Three excerpts from the cruellest, most tormented and greatest of Richard Strauss operas (1909). Highest light: the harrowing, and then melting, scene in which Orestes returns from his exile to find his sister ruined by her enslavement. A fine, though disappointingly incomplete, recording.

Virgil Thomson: Four Saints in Three Acts (Soloists, chorus and orchestra conducted by the composer; Victor). "Nobody visits more than they do visits them," chants the cast in a typical line from this famed opera, and so it goes. Thomson took as much pleasure in clouding the atmosphere—and still making it appear clear—as his librettist, Gertrude Stein. The result: fun for a while.

Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 (Phyllis Curtin and the New Orchestral Society of Boston conducted by Aillias Page; Cook). Rising young Soprano Curtin and eight buzzing cellos give this tropical favorite the sheen of perfection and the recording fidelity is the highest.

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Photography took a look *and a harvester got a stronger set of teeth*



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John Deere engineers, building a new beet harvester, wanted spring-tooth disposal wheels that had long life. High-speed movies showed the way.

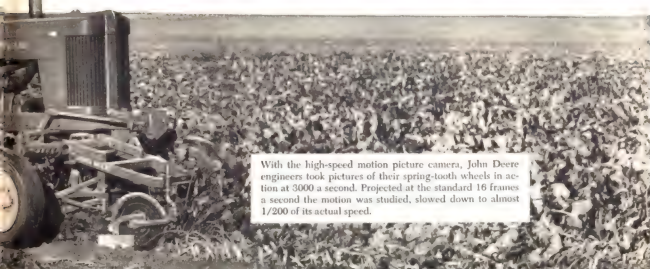
The disposal wheels on the new John Deere beet harvester moved faster than the eye could see.

So the engineers studied them in action, slowed down by the high-speed motion picture camera. What they saw gave them a clue. A small difference in design resulted in extra-long life for the spring teeth.

Slowing down fast action is but one way photography helps product design and manufacture. With x-rays it searches out hidden faults in castings, welds, and assemblies. And by photographing cathode ray traces it discloses the causes of improper operation.

These are but a few of the ways photography saves time, reduces error, cuts costs and improves production. Others are listed in the panel below. Whether your business is large or small, it will pay you to check this list and see how photography can go to work for you.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



With the high-speed motion picture camera, John Deere engineers took pictures of their spring-tooth wheels in action at 3000 a second. Projected at the standard 16 frames a second the motion was studied, slowed down to almost 1/200 of its actual speed.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Still on the Climb

The bull market continued to climb. The Dow-Jones industrial average last week rose 5.13 points, and closed at 137.66. To back up Wall Streeters' optimism, there were many signs of cheer.

¶ Manufacturers cut inventory stocks by \$400 million during May. It was the first time since the Korean war that the dollar value of manufacturers' inventories had fallen below the previous year's stocks. To replace goods sold, new orders have continued to edge up.

¶ Personal income last week was estimated to be running at an annual rate of \$283 billion, only 1½% off the alltime high of \$287.5 billion, set in July 1953. Department-store sales gained 3% over sales for the same week of 1953, and unemployment-compensation claims eased off again.

¶ The Commerce Department announced that it will hand out to the states \$875 million for highway building, six months ahead of the time the money would normally be available.

HOUSING

The Windfall Merchants

When the Senate banking committee opened public hearings last week on chicanery in the Federal Housing Administration, it knew that it was tapping a rich vein of scandal and corruption. Estimates of excess windfall profits by dollar-grabbing contractors ranged from \$100 million to \$500 million. But no sooner did the hearings start than the committee ran into Fifth Amendment trouble.

First reluctant witness was Clyde L. Powell, who "resigned" last April as assistant commissioner of FHA. While in his job, said Committee Chairman Homer Capehart, Powell had authorized Federal loan insurance on \$6.5 to \$7 billion worth of mortgages. The committee wanted to quiz Powell on his gambling losses, which first put the FBI on his trail and led to the housing investigations. Committee Counsel William Simon said that Powell, whose salary was \$12,000 a year, had reportedly lost almost that much in one gambling session. Powell, who was appointed in 1934, clammed up tight. But the committee did put on the record that he had a long police record, although he had stated in his job application that he had never been arrested. His record: eight arrests and at least two convictions since 1917, on charges that included larceny and bad-check passing.

Party-Girl Fees. Another silent witness was Andrew Frost, who was suspended a fortnight ago as assistant FHA director for New Mexico. Did he ask a contractor to throw a party, with girls, on the night of a ground-breaking ceremony? Did he attend another party at a motel in Alamogordo, N.Mex. at which a contrac-



EX-DIRECTOR FROST

Associated Press



EX-OFFICIAL POWELL



BUILDER GORDON

A rich vein of scandal.

International

tor supplied three girls at a cost of between \$300 and \$500? Did contractors pick up the tabs for two fishing trips to Mexico? Did a building supplier send him two carloads of concrete block for his own house? Frost refused to answer any of the questions, ducked behind the Fifth Amendment.

But from others, the committee heard about many deals in which fat windfall profits were made, and apartment rents, based on watered-up values, were higher than they should have been. The scandals harked back to the Democratic Administration, since they were made possible by the National Housing Act's Section 608, repealed four years ago. When Democratic Senator Harry Byrd began investigating the deals, the Republicans brought them out in the open by firing Federal Housing Commissioner Guy T. O. Hollyday (TIME, April 26). Section 608 provided that the Government would insure mortgages up to 90% of the building cost, and many a builder was able to "mortgage out" by putting up a building for less than the amount of the mortgage, then pocket the difference as his windfall. Examples:

¶ A Brooklyn apartment project cost \$1,500,000 less to build than the amount of the mortgage. Promoters put the difference in their pockets.

¶ A group of British subjects helped finance a Long Island development, and excess mortgage money gave them \$136,000 profit on a \$3,180 investment.

¶ A dozen stockholders, including three members of the Du Pont family, invested \$7,325 in a Delaware housing project, and drew \$549,375 in profits 45 days after the building was completed.

¶ An Indiana mortgage broker, who made consistent profits on federal housing deals, ranging up to \$200,000 on a \$70,000 investment, made no profit when he sold half an interest in a Fort Wayne apartment project for \$7,500 to his good friend and penthouse neighbor, the late R. Earl Peters, then Indiana FHA commissioner.

Furthermore, charged William McKenna, top Government investigator of the housing mess, staff members in the Washington office got eight television sets and 14 wristwatches as gifts from local contractors. But FHA officials waited until the three-year statute of limitations expired before reporting this to the Justice Department. Of 163 cases that the FBI sent to the FHA over a two-year period, he said, only nine were brought out and investigated.

Compensatory Fees. For the first time a play-by-play account of how one of the windfall deals worked was furnished by the contractors themselves. Three Washington builders—Herman W. Hutman, Earl J. Preston and Bryan Gordon Jr.—told how they got \$13,846,000 in FHA-insured loans to put up the Shirley-Duke apartments in Alexandria, Va. To meet FHA requirements that the sponsor must have put in 10% of the estimated cost of

TIME CLOCK

the project, the builders reported that 1) they had spent \$750,000 for architect's fees instead of the \$63,000 they actually paid; 2) Gordon owned land valued at \$84,725, although he had only a word-of-mouth agreement to get the land "if the negotiation went through"; 3) the entire tract of land was listed at a value of \$265,500, although they had actually paid only \$178,000 for it.

Part of their equity consisted of \$22,000 in "cash" from Gordon. Actually, it represented his fee for drawing up the application. The application also stated that a New York broker would put up \$181,783. The fact was that none of them knew the broker.

The three builders went on the payrolls of separate corporations at salaries of \$20,000 a year. The \$14 million in mortgage money was borrowed—after FHA backing was assured—from Minneapolis Investors Diversified Services, later controlled by Robert R. Young's Allegheny Corp. While the FHA mortgage was based on a cost of \$6,600 per apartment unit, the contract with I.D.S. specified that no unit would cost more than \$5,500. I.D.S. got 6% interest for the Government-insured loan, and in addition was repaid by extra fees of \$919,298, plus a \$173,075 premium on the mortgage, and a management contract giving the investment trust 1 1/2% of all rents for six years.

As for the three builders, their wives, and a handful of other stockholders, they invested a total of \$6,000 for stock in six corporations organized to build the apartments. After mortgaging off their costs, including fees to I.D.S., they were able to walk off with \$2,084,823 in profits, or \$1,737 for each \$5 invested.

LABOR

Victory at Schenectady

The Red-led United Electrical Workers, whose biggest local (No. 301) has been in General Electric's plant at Schenectady, last week was dealt a crippling blow. The local, which represents about 20,000 General Electric workers, voted to leave its tainted union and join the C.I.O.'s International Union of Electrical Workers. The final tally: 9,005 for the I.U.E., only 5,179 for the U.E.

The vote was a big victory for Business Agent Leo Jandreau, who once refused to tell a congressional committee whether he had ever been a Communist as charged. But last February, Jandreau went over to the C.I.O. and then testified freely, denying that he had been a Communist (TIME, March 22). U.E.'s leaders promptly read Business Agent Jandreau out of Local 301 and the union. But it made no difference, since Jandreau's power in Local 301 was so strong that he took his workers with him.

While a triumph for Jandreau, the vote was an even bigger one for the C.I.O.'s I.U.E. in its battle against U.E. With

PACKARD will be out first with tubeless tires at no extra cost. Other automakers will follow. Lincoln will use tubeless tires next year, and Cadillac is testing three makes (Firestone, U.S. Rubber, Goodrich), hopes to pick one.

FRENCH AUTO MERGER between Simca and Ford of France will result in the biggest privately owned French auto company, topped only by the government-owned Renault works. Under the deal, Simca will acquire Ford's modern operating plant at Poissy, near Paris, continue to make Ford's small Vedette model.

BIGGEST U.S. GAS DEAL has just been signed between Dallas' Oil & Gas Property Management, Inc. and Panoma Corp. of Amarillo, Texas, one of the biggest independent gas producers. O.G.P.M., formed two years ago by Manhattan Bankers Henry Brunie and C. L. Rice Jr. purchased \$18 million in Southwestern properties, will buy up Panoma's entire holdings (two gas-extraction plants, 218 gas wells, 133,788 acres of leaseholds) for a total of \$118 million, pay for it with \$40 million in cash, the rest out of production.

NON-STOP AIRLINE RACE is still picking up steam. Lockheed has modified T.W.A.'s Super Conquies to add 10 m.p.h. to their speed, bring them within 23 m.p.h. of American Airlines' 360 m.p.h. DC-7s.

NORTHWEST LUMBER STRIKE of 100,000 A.F.L. and C.I.O. woodworkers, the first time both unions have gone out together, will boost national lumber prices if it keeps on much longer. In two weeks West Coast lumber prices have gone up 20% (up to \$20 per 1,000 board ft.).

PAYROLL FIGURES must be turned over to unions from now on whether employers like it or not. The National

Labor Relations Board, which never before specified how much information unions should get, has ruled 4 to 1 that any recognized union is entitled to "all wage information essential to intelligent representation of employees."

OFFICE BUILDING BOOM may backfire in the next few years, warns the National Association of Building Owners and Managers. After surveying 162 cities, the association reports an increase from 2.3% to 2.9% in the U.S. vacancy rate in the six months from October to May, expects a bigger jump during the second half of 1954 if building of offices stays at current levels.

FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE futures will probably be traded on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange after Aug. 1. The juice-concentrate business is now estimated to be worth \$150 million annually.

SHERATON'S HOTEL CHAIN, which operated 27 hotels east of the Rockies (business: \$64 million in the last fiscal year), is expanding to the West Coast. The \$125 million chain has just laid out some \$4,000,000 for Pasadena's Huntington Hotel, which says it is the West's biggest resort hotel.

PORK PRICES will probably drop more than seasonally this fall. The spring pig crop is estimated at 56 million head, 13% above a year ago, and the autumn crop 10% higher than in 1953.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD, second biggest in New England (after the New Haven), will spend \$11.2 million to revamp its passenger service, has ordered twelve diesels a fleet of 55 high-speed, self-propelled stainless-steel commuter cars to be built by Philadelphia's Budd Co. Delivery date: mid-1955.

Schenectady won, the I.U.E. has wooed almost 100,000 electrical workers away from its Red-tainted rival, now has a total membership of 425,000, third biggest in the C.I.O. (after the Auto and Steelworkers). The I.U.E.'s next target will be the remaining 20,000 General Electric workers under U.E.'s crumbling control in plants at such cities as Elmira, N.Y., Bloomfield and Newark, N.J., Scranton and Erie, Pa.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Watch Tariff

Three big watchmakers—Hamilton, Elgin and Waltham—set off an alarm in Washington last week over tariffs. Before a Senate Armed Services subcommittee, they testified that higher tariffs for watches are vital to national defense. The alarm was well timed. It came as word leaked out that the U.S. Tariff Commission, by a 4-2 vote, has recommended to President Eisenhower that tariffs on all

Swiss watches and movements be raised about 50%,^o thus putting the squeeze on imports of Swiss movements.

The American watchmakers told the subcommittee that Swiss imports are driving them out of domestic watch production, thereby crippling national defense. Arthur S. Flemming, head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, Assistant Defense Secretary Thomas Pike and Assistant Commerce Secretary Lothar Teetor, testified that the U.S. needs an efficient watch industry.

Slumping Production. In the Capitol corridors, lobbyists for the watchmakers also pressured Congressmen to urge the President to uphold the Tariff Commission. Two years ago, the Tariff Commission had recommended a similar increase, but President Truman turned it down on the ground that the U.S. watch industry was in no real danger from Swiss competi-

^o An increase of \$1.15 to \$1.50 in the present \$2.10 to \$2.75 duty per watch or movement.

AUTO BOOTLEGGING

The Cause & Cure

In 1954's auto market, sales and production are down, but the output of ill will between car dealers and manufacturers has hit an alltime high. With a total of 647,000 unsold cars on dealers' lots, the National Automobile Dealers Association says that its dealers are "dying like flies," that some 1,800 have gone under in recent months. In turn, manufacturers complain just as sharply that dealers are falling down on the sales job. For the U.S. public, the bickering has been magnified to the point where the industry appears to be in serious trouble, and buyers have the idea that no car is a bargain unless it is a giveaway.

Actually, the auto industry's troubles, while bad, are not as bad as they sound. Auto production for the first six months was 2,958,000 cars, only 298,000 under 1953. Sales are down approximately 150,000. But dealers' unsold stocks are now 44% higher than a year ago. Panicky dealers, resorting to suicidal sales gimmicks and price-cutting dodges, have let selling costs get out of control. Result: dealer profits have hit bottom at .8% of sales, compared to 4.4% in 1953.

One of the most damaging of the sales tricks is auto bootlegging. While comparatively few dealers resort to it, it has a widespread effect on the trade. To get rid of unsold cars, bootlegging dealers shunt them off to used-car dealers at bargain prices (as much as 24% below list). The cars are then put on sale at near-wholesale prices, thus undercutting new-car sales. In the resulting price chaos, local new-car dealers are forced to whack their own prices drastically or offer fantastic lures to sell their goods.

Many do both. In Boston, dealers offer toasters, trips to Bermuda, gold watches, electric ranges or TV sets with each new sale. In other cities, dealers promise trade-ins of \$500 or more for anything customers can drive, push or shovel onto their lots, flood newspapers with ads offering wonderful-sounding deals that often turn out to be phony. Sample: \$195 down for a 1954 Plymouth, payments of only \$44 per month for 24 months. What the ads do not say is that the 24th payment is a whopping \$750.

Are such gimmicks successful? Most often not, since fancy premiums and lavish advertising come out of the dealers' 24% markup on the car, not out of the manufacturers' profit.

The dealers learn their woes on the manufacturers, and they especially blame Ford and Chevrolet for over-

producing in their all-out race for first place. Furthermore, dealers angrily charge that factory distributors themselves are among the worst bootleggers. Manufacturers could easily check bootlegging by simply lifting franchises.

Many dealers also feel that auto prices are too high, and should be cut at the factory level so that dealers would not have to bear all the burden of present reductions. For example, a Chevrolet that sold for \$800 in 1940 is now about \$1,600. Automakers like to say that a 100% price rise in 14 years is no more than the general increase in prices. What they neglect to say is that the price they quote in ads is the stripped-down one. On some low-priced models, extra equipment can run up to \$746, a 300% price boost over 1940. So far, automakers have shown no signs of cutting factory prices. Even if the Big Three could stand cuts, they argue that the others probably could not, might be forced out of business.

Actually, manufacturers and dealers must share the blame for the trouble. When the auto industry caught up with demand after World War II, neither side was prepared for the new kind of market. Dealers hated to go back to the old, hard selling practices of prewar days, and manufacturers continued to pour out cars based on their economists' estimates of the market rather than on what the market actually would take.

In prewar days, production and sales stayed in balance, because a car was not usually made until a dealer ordered it. In the early postwar years, when factories could not meet demand, cars were allocated to dealers on a quota basis. Until a few months ago, a dealer still had to take his quota, whether or not he could sell all the cars, or face loss of his franchise. Automakers have belatedly realized that the quota system often forced a dealer to bootleg cars to stay in business, have now relaxed it. Manufacturers have also finally realized that the chief source of the trouble is too many cars. They now plan to cut output to an average of 415,000 cars a month for the rest of the year, compared to an average 481,416 a month to date. While cutting down inventories, manufacturers and dealers hope to persuade buyers that mink stoles and 24% discounts are not the normal way of selling cars. But they face a tough job. After years of being taken for a ride when cars were scarce, the U.S. buyer is now firmly in the driver's seat.

tion. But now domestic jewel-watch production is off (an estimated 1,600,000 units this year, or half 1951 production), and employment has slumped from 12,000 in 1945 to some 8,000. Says Hamilton's President Arthur Sinkler: "The decline in domestic watch production has been so rapid in recent years that this country is faced with the question of whether or not there will be any domestic industry at all in the event of war."

Good Customer. U.S. watch companies that have already become heavy importers of Swiss watch movements (e.g., Bulova, Gruen) had ex-Senator Millard Tydings to argue their case. Tydings ripped into the U.S. watchmakers' hardship story. He cited the fact that Hamilton's sales had jumped from \$4,000,000 in 1935, the year before the present tariffs went into effect, to \$19 million in 1952; Elgin rose from \$7,000,000 in 1935 to about \$51 million in 1952 (sales of both companies included defense work). Since 1936, said Tydings, Switzerland has bought \$500 million more in U.S. goods than she has sold to the U.S.

As for the watchmakers' claim that they are essential to national security, the Defense Department has said that such non-watchmakers as Eastman Kodak, Bendix Aviation and National Cash Register have supplied splendid timing devices and fuses for the armed forces (although the watchmakers claimed these companies got some of the vital parts from them).

Trade v. Aid. Others came to the aid of the Swiss. The C.I.O. appealed to Eisenhower to reject the Tariff Commission's recommendation, pointing out that the importation of Swiss movements created "substantial subsidiary employment" in the U.S. (about 15,000 workers make cases and straps, assemble watches, etc.). The American Farm Bureau Federation also asked Eisenhower to reject the tariff increase because Switzerland buys \$11 per capita in U.S. farm products.

Eisenhower, who has until July 27 to make a decision, last week gave a clue to his intentions. He overruled a Tariff Commission recommendation that he raise the tariff and set quotas on ground-fish filets (cod, flounder, etc.), now being used in the fast-growing new product, fish sticks (TIME, May 17). Said Eisenhower: higher tariffs and quotas "would hamper and limit the development of the market." But if Ike overrules the commission on watches, the Administration may decide to give the watchmakers more defense orders to make up for their lost watch business.

AVIATION

Gee-Whizzer

Lockheed Aircraft Co. last week took some of the wraps off its new entry in the lightweight jet plane race. Called the XF-104 by the Air Force and the "Gee-Whizzer" by Lockheed, the new ship is a small, relatively simple day fighter designed to win local air superiority over the battlefield. Its weight is only about



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NEVINS' "VIM," "GOOSE" & "BOLERO"
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14,000 lbs. combat-loaded v. 15,000 for North American's F-86D, but it packs a hefty Curtiss-Wright J-65 engine, blasting out more than 7,200 lbs. of thrust. The speed is secret. Officially, the Air Force will say only that the XF-104 is supersonic in level flight.

Unlike Douglas' new A4D attack bomber, which was announced as soon as it rolled out (TIME, June 14), Lockheed's new bantam has been flying secretly since February, was in the air exactly one year after the prototype contract was signed. Though Lockheed says that the plane can be produced 2½ times as fast, at half the cost of North American's F-100, Lockheed scouts the idea that it is either under-armed or stripped down. Because of new rockets, each of which packs the killing power of half a dozen World War II machine guns, the designers have been able to save weight on heavy gun mounts, guns and ammunition. But Lockheed has refused to tamper either with safety gadgets or instruments, has left them all in. Says Clarence L. Johnson, chief engineer at Lockheed's California Division: "This is still a highly complex airplane. You simply don't fly around at 40,000 feet at those kinds of speeds just by throwing a saddle over the thing and riding it. But what we have done is bring an end to the trend toward constantly bigger, constantly more complicated, constantly more expensive airplanes."

MODERN LIVING

As Idle as a Painted Ship

The late, great Yachtbuilder Henry B. Nevins was never a man to cut corners. His City Island yard in New York City seasoned its own lumber, designed and machined its own fittings, fastened its spars together with glue made of sour cream, sometimes trimmed them to the correct balance by weighing shavings. By such attention to detail, Perfectionist Henry Nevins built more cup-winning yachts than anyone else.

But now comparatively few U.S. citizens are able to afford big, custombuilt yachts. Over the past fifteen years, three of the nation's famed yacht yards—Herreshoff, Lawley's, Robert Jacobs—have shut down. Last week Nevins announced that it, too, will close, a casualty to foreign competition (mostly German and Dutch) and income taxes.

Perfection First. The Nevins yard has found the going rough ever since the death of its founder in 1950. Henry Nevins was born in New York in 1878, and wanted to be a doctor but was too frail, so he decided to work at his hobby, shipbuilding. He apprenticed out to Charles L. Seabury, and at 29 bought his own small boat shop and storage yard. He took a hand in building most of the boats.

As his fame grew, boatbuilders came from Scandinavia and Scotland to work

for him. Nevins knew every employee by his first name. Even after he became a millionaire, he often brought his own lunch pail to work, ate outside with the loftsmen and mechanics. His friendship and personal ability invited them to do their best work; his high standards demanded it. Once he set down this principle: "The man who builds . . . yachts is a craftsman; outside of yacht building, there are few craft industries left. A good craftsman must have, first of all, a basic sense of integrity and pride in his work. . . . He is only secondarily materialistic."

Cups & Minesweepers. Under Nevins' skilled hand, his yard turned out such ships (designed chiefly by Sparkman & Stephens) as John Nicholas Brown's *Bolero*, which has twice been first-boat-in in the Bermuda race; R.J. Schaefer's *Edis I*, winner of the 1934 Bermuda; Henry Morgan's *Djinn*, winner of the Seawanhaka Cup in 1947; *Stormy Weather*, winner of the ocean race to Norway and the Florida Trophy; R. J. Reynolds' *Blitzen*, winner of the Miami-Nassau, St. Petersburg-Havana, Havana-Key West, the Honolulu, and Detroit-Mackinac races; *Lulu*, winner of the Prince of Wales Cup in 1937; *Nyala*, winner of the Astor and King's Cups in 1939; Harold Vanderbilt's 12-meter *Vim*, winner of the same cups the next year; *Goose*, the outstanding international 6-meter for ten years; the New York Yacht Club's 325 and some 700 other yachts.

Most were sailing craft, but for Richard Hoyt, onetime board chairman of Curtiss-Wright, Nevins built the high-powered *Teaser*, which raced the crack 20th Century Limited from Albany to New York. (The boat won.) Few owners ever asked Nevins for a price before signing the contract, even though it might be upwards of \$75,000; instead, they relied on Nevins to set a fair charge when the boat was delivered.

During World War II the Nevins yard built minesweepers and aircraft-rescue boats. But when war orders ended, Nevins



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found he could no longer make profits on new boats. Nevertheless, he kept building, often turning out yachts at cost just to give jobs to his workmen, some of whom had been with him for 30 years. Then he was injured in a fall at the yard, and when *Bolero* was launched in 1949, he told his wife he expected it would be his last launching. In the last months of his life, he often asked to be carried out to the cockpit of his own yacht *Polly*, just to feel the swell of the sea again.

Decline & Fall. Before his death, he turned the helm over to Arthur Gauss, who had been with the company for eleven years, with instructions to keep the yard going. But Mrs. Nevins, who inherited all the company's stock, now finds that the cost would be too much, Gauss figures that the company's break-even point is \$900,000 a year, and it is grossing less than \$800,000, mostly because of the European competition. Says Gauss: "They pay a first-class mechanic 60¢ an hour, against \$2.50 here. As a result, they can deliver a boat, including import duty, at one-third less than we can." European shipbuilders even have U.S. defense orders, e.g., the Navy has just ordered four minesweepers from Yugoslavia for \$3,500,000. Snorts Gauss: "Imagine giving the contracts to a Communist country."

Many small yards have turned to operating a "marina," a sort of marine filling station, repair shop and soft-drink stand. But this would be too much of a comedown for the Nevins yard. The 50 custom craftsmen that Nevins trained are now looking for jobs where standards are lower and materialism higher.

RAILROADS

Will All Go to Talgo?

For several hours in Manhattan last week, the presidents of the four biggest eastern railroads met with the train builders of ACF Industries to discuss a radical train. The roads: New York Central, New York, New Haven & Hartford, Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania. The train the railroads had in mind was similar to ACF's swift "Talgo" express, which has been running for four years on Spanish railroads (*TIME*, April 18, 1949).

Built of aluminum and other lightweight metals, Talgo's cars are only 7 ft. 6 in.

from floor to ceiling, 4 ft. lower than current coaches. Inside, travelers sit in reclining airplane-type seats, look out big picture windows, put their luggage in forward compartments. The low train can whip into curves smoothly at 90 m.p.h., v. the 50-60 m.p.h. of today's flyers. It weighs only one-third as much as current trains, requires only 40% as much fuel for the same speed, can be built at an estimated \$1,300 a seat, v. \$2,300 for present cars. The Midwest's Rock Island Railroad has already ordered one of the new trains from ACF for Christmas 1955 delivery.

On the 157-mile run between New Haven and Boston last week, the New Haven's new president, Patrick B. McGinnis, who wooed stockholders with the promise of better passenger service, put on a demonstration of ACF's speedy train. With special ICC permission, the engineer disregarded the 60-m.p.h. speed limit on curves, went into the turns at 87 m.p.h. On the long straightaways, he pushed ACF's Talgo up to 102.8 m.p.h. and pulled into Boston in 150 minutes. Though it was a stop-and-start experimental run, the time was still ten minutes better than the best previous record.

After his ride, fast-flying President McGinnis said: "If enough Eastern roads get together, we can jointly order on a wholesale basis. In that case, I'd place an order within months."

PERSONNEL

Change of the Week

Emery M. Lewis, 57, moved up to president of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., fourth largest U.S. tobacco company (Viceroy's, Kools, Raleighs, Sir Walter Raleigh pipe tobacco). The son of old Vaudeville Walter Russell Lewis, Ohio-born Emery Lewis managed to get through grammar school before he quit to work in a paper mill. At 20 he started keeping books for American Tobacco Co., joined Brown & Williamson in 1927 as a comptroller, quickly moved up, in 1941 became vice president for sales. Lewis takes over from Timothy V. Hartnett, 63, who was named the first full-time chairman of the Tobacco Industry Research Committee, a \$500,000 foundation set up by the industry to find out how tobacco affects health (*TIME*, Nov. 30).



Protective paint for structural steelwork has a linseed oil base. Here a steeplejack paints the famous Duluth aerial bridge.

Flax safeguards this high steel highway

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MILESTONES

Married. June Haver, 28, blonde cinemactress (*The Girl Next Door*), who entered a Roman Catholic convent as a postulant nun in February 1953, quit six months later; and Fred MacMurray, 45, cinemacort (*The Caine Mutiny*); both for the second time; in Ojai, Calif.

Marriage Revealed. Linda Darnell, 30, brunette cinemactress (*Forever Amber*); and Philip Liebmann, 39, wealthy president of Liebmann Breweries, Inc. (Rheingold); both for the second time; in Bernadillo, N. Mex., on Feb. 25.

Divorced. By Betty Hutton, 33, brass-lunged Hollywood musicomedienne (*The Greatest Show on Earth*); Dance Director Charles O'Curran, 30, her second husband; after two years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. Ely Culbertson, 62, Rumanian-born maharaja of contract bridge; by Dorothy Baehne Culbertson, 28, his second wife after seven years of marriage, one child; in Newfane, Vt.

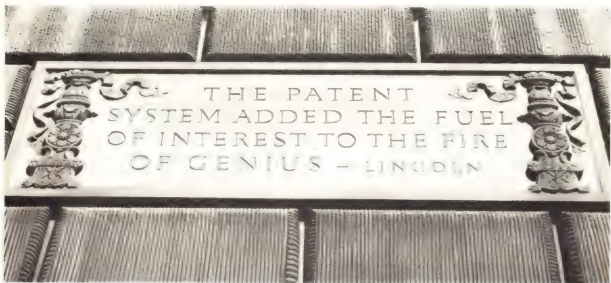
Died. Lynn Riggs, 54, Broadway folk playwright (*Green Grow the Lilacs*, 1931, the source of Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulously successful *Oklahoma!*) after a brief illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Tang En-po, 55, Chinese Nationalist general; after surgery; in Tokyo. A onetime boy wonder in China's eight-year war against Japan, General Tang met only defeat at the hands of the Chinese Communists, was sacked after the fall of Shanghai in 1949.

Died. Reginald Marsh, 56, Paris-born American painter and illustrator; of a heart ailment; in Bennington, Vt. Marsh vigorously reproduced the people and buildings he observed from the windows of his Union Square studio, won a place in the nation's major museums, including the Library of Congress and the Metropolitan. He once called non-objective modern art "phony primitivism," added "Critics may not know what's wrong with Picasso, but any layman can tell you. The question is, what does it mean?" Thousands of museum-goers have come to see the meaning of Manhattan's Bowery bums and honky-tonks partly through the eyes of Painter Marsh.

Died. Hugh Alfred Butler, 76, longtime (since 1931) Old Guard Republican Senator from Nebraska; of a stroke; in Washington. A tireless spokesman for Midwestern farm-bloc isolationism, wealthy (grain-trading) Hugh Butler, in 14 years in the Senate, came out against lend-lease, wartime extension of the draft act, reciprocal trade, Social Security, all Government subsidies, the Marshall Plan, Point Four and Korean intervention, last year reversed his field and became an ardent champion of Hawaiian statehood.

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Welcome to New York's Summer Festival

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
[M-G-M] is a lighthearted musical version of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*. It is also the liltingest bit of tunesome lollygagging to hit the screen since the same studio brought forth *An American in Paris* (1951).

The movie *Rape*, fairly mild compared to Plutarch's version, is based on a short story by Stephen Vincent Benét. Accordingly, the deed is done in Oregon's backwoods rather than in Rome's front yard—and in truth it is not even done.

The seven brothers of the title are the

The songs (words by Johnny Mercer, music by Gene de Paul) are fresh; the dances (staged by Michael Kidd) are wonderfully prancy; the screenplay (by Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and Dorothy Kingsley) is fairly funny without taking itself too seriously. Stanley Donen (*Singin' in the Rain*) does a fine kind of under-direction that leaves the picture looking as though it just happened. Even the Ansco color often tastefully fits the mood of the wide-screen scene.

With all this to live up to, the players live it up with a will. Howard Keel has never sung better, and Jane Powell is a properly pretty operetta type. But the



THE PONTIPEE BOYS & BRIDES-TO-BE
Sparks for girls of tender age.

seven redheaded Pontipee boys—Adam, Benjamin, Caleb, Daniel, Ephraim, Frank and Gideon—who live all alone in their potato patch and wish they didn't. When Adam (Howard Keel), the eldest, gets himself a wife (Jane Powell) by singing one of those rare ballads (*When You're in Love*) with love in the music as well as in the words, the other brothers celebrate their single cussedness by yowling a funeral *Lament* (for a lonesome polecat) that should fracture even the toughest audience.

It just breaks big brother's heart, anyway, to hear them carry on so. But what's to do? He grubs in Plutarch's *Lives*—one of the two books in the house, in which his wife has been teaching him to read—for a helpful hint, and finds the story of the Sabine women.

In the dead of a bright white winter's night, the hot young sparks fly off to town to steal some girls of tender age. Six screams later, their sleigh is racing back to the farm with a baggage of "Sobbin' Women" aboard and a tumult of raging fathers behind. The brothers shout down an avalanche of snow behind them, blocking pursuit until spring, and barrel away home to a long winter's courtship.

The whole picture is a happy surprise,

chorus line is the real star of the show; the six brothers and their six brides-to-be. Having twelve handsome young people all athletically in love at once is a little like staging a mixed tandem-wrestle, and the audience works up almost as ruddy a glow as the participants.

The Unconquered (Albert Margolies). "Can you see a world?", an interviewer once asked Helen Keller. "If you can, what is it like?" "Yes, yes, yes," Helen Keller said. "I can see, and that is why I can be so happy in what you call the dark, but which to me is golden. I can see a God-made world, not a man-made world."

The golden night of Helen Keller will probably in the long run outshine the limelight she has lived in. Like the "golden flower" of the Chinese contemplatives, her experience has been a redoubtable witness to a doubting age that when other helpers fail and comforts flee, the help of the helpless abides. *The Unconquered*, her technically awkward but moving film biography, therefore quite suitably presents itself as a sort of modest footnote to *The Lives of the Saints*.

The picture tells simply—with the help of yellowed snapshots, newsreel footage and the narrative voice of Katharine



"I FLEW into Wausau shortly after a British jet pilot, off his course, landed there with a thimbleful of fuel left. He certainly had good reason to appreciate his stop in Wausau. So did I.

"I spent an interesting hour with County Agent Mac McAleney (picture at right). 'Wausau people are the kind you like to work with,' he said. 'Twenty years ago this county grew only a few scattered acres of alfalfa. Couldn't grow it here, people thought. We did some research and came up with a solution. The farmers took to it and went to work. Today they grow over 100 times the alfalfa they did in the 30's.'

"Implement-dealer Herman Rakow (above, right) described Wausau's unusual *do it yourself* spirit. For instance, in maintaining farm equipment... '75% of the parts we sell are installed by the farmers themselves. That's about 5 times the ratio you'll find in most other farm communities.'



"Then I saw the other frontier of Wausau industry — the giant, modern plant of the Marathon Corporation. Here, where 3 million paper cartons are produced in a single day, resident manager Oscar Eggebrecht (above, left) showed me one of the world's biggest glueing lines, and sixteen freight cars lined up inside the building!

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Wausau Story

By E. B. COSGROVE, Chairman of the Board, Green Giant Company



"... the kind you like to work with..." Mr. Cosgrove (right) and County Agent McAleney.

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Cornell—the well-known story of how at the age of 19 months Helen lost sight and hearing from a childhood illness. At the age of seven she "began to live" when Anne Mansfield Sullivan, a trained teacher of the deaf and blind, came to work with her.

Helen learned so prodigiously well that within three years, at the age of ten, she was corresponding vigorously with Phillips Brooks, the Episcopal divine. Also at ten, she published a short story in the *St. Nicholas* magazine. Before long she was reading and writing fluently in five languages, and at 24 she was graduated *cum laude* from Radcliffe College.

Soon after, she published a book of poetry that showed a feeling ear for the English she could not hear, and then set forth on the first of the long lecture tours—speaking in a sort of strangled soprano, which is the closest she can come



HELEN KELLER (RIGHT) & COMPANION
In golden night, a God-made world.

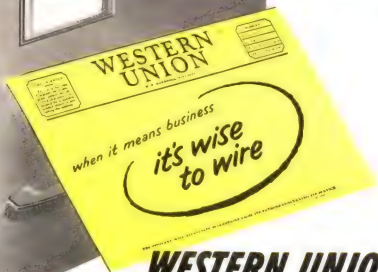
to intelligible English, with Teacher Sullivan translating—that were to make her name a household word.

Fame carried her to Hollywood in 1919, and here the sober script calls a thoroughly slap-happy recess to watch a flag-waving Helen, as the star of the film *Deliverance* (supposedly based on her life story), lead the charge of a revolutionary rabble across something that looks suspiciously like Concord Bridge.

And so it goes: on from her salad days in vaudeville, through the incessant confrontations with celebrity ("She made Calvin Coolidge smile"), the endless charity appearances, and the amiable little extraversions (she once gratified an impulse "to feel a lion," reported that "he was very handsome"). In the end the audience sees her in the yellow leaf of her eighth decade, as she lives and works now with her second companion, Polly Thompson, in their Connecticut home—drying dishes, following her guide rail for a walk in the fields, choring through the morning mail, touching music in a radio, caught

Ever try to find a CONVERSATION?

It's hard enough to remember what you said—what the other fellow said—in a talk just *yesterday*! With telegrams you keep facts straight, prevent confusion and both of you have a written record.



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GM tubing
CONDENSER COILS

Another
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ACHIEVEMENT

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reading a volume in Braille beneath the bedclothes late at night.

The impression that remains is not one of a life of worldly scurry, of an almost brutally strong retort to adversity. What hangs in the mind is the image of a clear old face out of a legend, of features that breathe a little of the quiet glory of the last lines of *King Lear*:

*The oldest hath borne most: we who are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.*

The High and the Mighty (Wayne-Fellows: Worner) is about the worst piece of advertising the airlines have had since the crash that killed Carole Lombard. For that matter it is not much of an ad for the movies either.

The plot is a flight log between Honolulu and San Francisco. On the way, the plane half drops an engine, the navigator blows his calculations, the pilot (Robert Stack) funks out, the copilot (John Wayne) broods about a wife long years dead, the stewardess almost comes down with the meemies, and a known maniac is allowed to roam at large among the passengers.

The real trouble, however, is that a wild man is also on the loose behind the scenes. "Wild Bill" Wellman, the gifted director of such films as *Nothing Sacred* and *The Ox-Bow Incident*, went too wild on this one. His plot is a see-'em-squirm play that was old when Damoscles came to dinner. His actors sit as awkwardly on their narrow stage as prizewinners at a commencement exercise, and when they come to recite, say the same sort of silly things about "life." Worst of all are the flashbacks that come almost as thick as the ideational air pockets in this Hollywood brainstorm.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Mr. Hulot's Holiday. A slight comedy, partly in French, explaining how not to take a vacation (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock sees to it that he gets his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with Actor Dan O'Herlihy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 24).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kayenzas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape (TIME, March 1).



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JUDGES... EDUCATORS... OFFICERS IN THE ARMED FORCES... FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL OFFICIALS—AND THEIR WIVES.

BOOKS

Destination: Hammock

PARIS ORIGINAL (340 pp.)—Alexandra Orme—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50)

DESPERATE SCENERY (302 pp.)—Elliot Paul—Random House (\$3.75)

Some books are destined, not for the ages, but for the nearest hammock. Elliot Paul's *Desperate Scenery* and Alexandra Orme's *Paris Original* are light summer fare, earmarked for twin hammocks stamped "His" and "Hers." Author Paul, who often as not writes about Paris, this time has written an autobiographical boy-faces-life yarn set in the remote reaches of 1910 Idaho and Wyoming. Authoress Orme's novel is a girl-meets-love story set in the feline, high-fashion world of postwar Paris. Each book lightheartedly holds a slightly askew mirror up to human nature and smiles bitter-sweetly at what it sees.

Yoghurt in Paris. At 32, pretty Kristina Czaykowska, the heroine of *Paris Original*, is a receptionist in "Maison Deschamps," a Parisian stronghold of *haute couture*. She feels more like a shopworn beauty than a sleeping one. In the spring of 1947, she is three years away from her native Warsaw and eight years estranged from a husband who opted for the "People's Poland." She lives on yoghurt and corn bread, scurries home each night to her lonely, thimble-sized flat, and keeps telling herself that Paris is wonderful. But the only Paris Kristina knows, the goldfish bowl of the "Maison Deschamps," she hates. Through its ornate rooms dart and swish mannequins, sellers, fitters, designers and spying competitors. To Kristina the whole place is as zany and false as the brassiere on the statue of the sphinx in its show window.

"If you want to stay alive," a friend advises her, "you must fight, not sneer. You might think that this is Paris, a safe capital, but it is like any place—the jungle." More bent on escape than combat, Kristina runs into an old flame, Jas Ostrowski. A few glasses of vodka make Jas talkative. "Now, the good girls differ only in one respect from the bad ones," he says. "You lose a tremendous amount of time on them." Kristina is ready and eager to make up for lost time when her long-gone husband shows up with the same idea. By novel's end, Author Orme shapes this triangle into a shiny, new wedding band for Kristina. Catty, intimate, high-pitched and highly perfumed, *Paris Original* is a woman's happy hunting ground, but no man's land.

Salon into Saloon. *Desperate Scenery* is as far from *Paris Original* as a saloon is from a salon. It is the seventh volume in a series called *Items on the Grand Account*, 63-year-old Elliot Paul's leisurely recital of his life and times. Paul was 19 and bumming through the Far West on close to his last dime in the summer of 1910, when the Jackson Lake Dam, span-



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
AUTOBIOGRAPHER PAUL
A fire in the sporting house.

ning the Snake River in northwest Wyoming, went out. With an engineering brother in the family and some previous surveying experience of his own, Paul found it easy to land on the payroll of the Reclamation Service and work on the new dam. *Desperate Scenery* tells the rough-and-rugged story of how a 60-mile wagon road was built over mountain country, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of supplies, plus men and horses, were transported to the dam site before snow blocked the routes, and of how, with temperatures ranging to 55° below zero,



NOVELIST ORME
A bro on the sphinx.

a crew of 300 put together the new Jackson Lake Dam.

But the stories Paul tells best, as always, are of the japes and high jinks of Elliot Paul and his pals. To his tales of boozing, floozing and just plain horsing around, Paul contributes an uninhibited tongue, a gift for total and Technicolored reel, and a pleasing tendency to sound like a book-length monologue by W. C. Fields.

Desperate Scenery contains rib-tickling accounts of Paul pounding the piano for silent movies, playing shortstop against "The Boston Bloomer Girls," and tussling with an unfriendly Chinese ("I learned for the first time how strong and difficult a small Chinese can be, when apprehensive"). The book climbs to its ribald and humorous peak with a description of the night the brothel burned down in Ashton, Idaho, and "the quick thinkers routed out those who chanced to be relaxing in the bedrooms . . ." Happily, sporting life à la Paul never gets quite so outrageous that it cannot be thoroughly enjoyed by hammock-readers of either sex.

Nazi Pinwheel

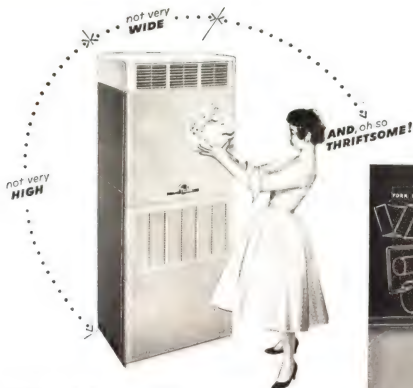
THE SECRET FRONT (327 pp.)—Wilhelm Hoettl—Praeger (\$3.95)

Any big or little wheel of Nazi Germany who rolls long and far enough can apparently come to rest on the lists of a U.S. publisher. Unregenerate Nazis get there with the rest. Austrian-born Wilhelm Hoettl, 38, qualifies with the very first sentence of his book, *The Secret Front*: "I do not propose to start by moralizing on my reasons for entering the German Secret Service."

Hoettl, a graduate student in Vienna University when he entered the secret service, rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel and claims to have been a big espionage wheel, but his book and his personal history betray him as more of a pinwheel. In *The Secret Front*, he twirls about in windy draughts of gossip, second-hand information, hero worship, pure invention and long-fermented spite.

The Fallen Angel. High up on Hoettl's spite list is his chief, Heinrich Himmler, whom he never actually met. Himmler, says Hoettl, was an "extreme mediocrity" who "in all earnestness believed himself to be a reincarnation of the German King Heinrich I." "A disciple of fortune tellers," he never made a move without consulting a team of astrologers and magicians. According to Hoettl, Himmler even hired a batch of professing alchemists and put them to work in the cellar at Gestapo headquarters to make gold. How did this man, "who in normal times would have been put into a nursing home," become the "foremost man after Hitler in the German Reich?" For one thing, says Hoettl, Hitler was "an indifferent judge of men." For another, Himmler was propped up by an evil genius behind the scenes, his henchman Reinhard Heydrich, "the Haugman."

Heydrich fascinates Hoettl, and he compares him to Cesare Borgia. "Both



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TIME, JULY 12, 1954



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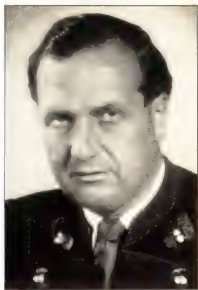
men were imbued with the same complete disregard for all ethical values . . . the same passion for power, the same cold intelligence, the same frigidity of heart, the same systematically calculated ambition, and even the same physical beauty of a fallen angel." Hoettl saddles Fallen Angel Heydrich with a satanic list of deeds. It was Heydrich, according to Hoettl, who worked out the plans for the mass extermination of the Jews and for the stringent Nazi subjugation of Czechoslovakia.⁶ It was Heydrich who planted the idea in Hitler's mind that his old party comrade, Ernst Roehm, was plotting a storm-trooper revolt, and Heydrich himself, says Hoettl, made up the lists of the hundreds who were done away with on June 30, 1934, the "night of the long knives." If Hoettl can be believed, Heydrich achieved his masterpiece when he painstakingly forged a correspondence suggesting that the brilliant chief military strategist of the Russian army, Marshal Tukhachevsky, and high German officers were plotting to overthrow Stalin.

3,000,000 Rubles. Late in 1936, according to Hoettl, German intelligence heard that Tukhachevsky was planning an army revolt against the Soviet dictator and his regime. Heydrich persuaded Himmler and Hitler that they should tip off Stalin, and thus touch off a purge that would gut the Soviet high command. Stalin bit, even paid 3,000,000 rubles for the forged bait, and in the trials of 1937, purged Tukhachevsky and all his confederates. The rubles, says Hoettl in an ironic footnote, were counterfeit: the first German agent who spent them in Russia was promptly arrested.

The Midnight Tango. In between large slices of history on German policy in Italy and the Balkans during World War II, Hoettl sandwiches in personality tidbits on other Nazi bigwigs. Ribbentrop was called Ribbentropf in South Germany *Tropf* meaning lout. According to Hoettl, Ribbentrop, when enraged, would shut himself up in his darkened bedroom. This was called his "midnight tango act," and while it was on, foreign office underlings would secure the Deputy Foreign Minister's signature on papers: they knew Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop would not have signed. Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, head of German military intelligence, was passionately fond of his dachshunds, says Hoettl, and when abroad would telephone daily to inquire of their health. Requesting a transcript of one of the admiral's tapped phone calls from Tangier to Berlin, the chief of the Spanish secret police was once highly chagrined to find that all the top secret information he had gained was a detailed report on the natural functions of an ailing dachshund.

Sifting fact from fiction in *The Secret Front* is made more difficult because Hoettl has not told his personal story, that of a middle-level bureaucrat aching to be a master spy. Though he speaks of

⁶ It was there that Heydrich the Henman met his death, after an assassin bombed his car on the outskirts of Prague on May 27, 1942.



WILHELM HOETTL

Saton's genius had an angel face.

"my agents," he never actually commanded any, but merely processed the reports of actual spies and served as a specialist on Central European peoples.

Ex-SS to CIC. After the war, Hoettl promoted a villa for himself in Alt-Aussee, near Salzburg, by lining up ex-SS informants for the U.S. Army's CIC or Counter-Intelligence Corps. The Army dropped him in 1949. He claims to have intelligence contacts behind the Iron Curtain, and was arrested in 1953 because of his connections with suspected Soviet spies. But later Hoettl was released without charges. He now supports the neo-Nazi VDC Party because, he says, it is the nearest thing to a sensible rightist party in Austria.

With his wife, Hoettl founded a publishing house just to publish *The Secret Front*. The book flopped in Germany and the publishing business with it. It has been published in the U.S. on the apparent assumption that even if Nazi Hoettl's countrymen would not read his story, his ex-enemies will.

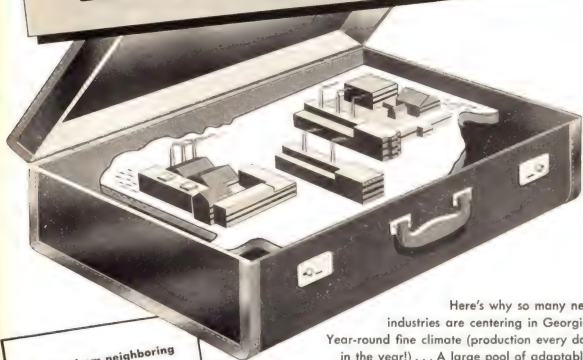
Of Men & Blubber

YANKEE WHALERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS (304 pp.)—A.B.C. Whipple—Double-day (\$3.95).

The New England Yankee may yet go down in history as supreme of all the breed of men who chose to battle whales. A whaling ship today is a quite safe combination of floating factory and ocean liner, but in the 18th and 19th centuries, the world's most powerful animal was hunted down in ships so small that the whale could, and sometimes did, butt them into driftwood. In all man's hunting, none has been so downright risky and exciting. As a result, no true armchair adventurer can easily bypass a readable new book about whaling.

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lively introduction to a fascinating subject. Yankee Author and LIFE Associate Editor A.B.C. Whipple is an enthusiast who has spent ten years poring over old ships' logs and seamen's journals, listening to the yarns still spun in old whaling towns, and chatting with whaling authorities. What he has tried for and achieved is not a history of whaling but a teaser that may send readers to other books on the subject, perhaps even to that greatly unread but incessantly discussed U.S. classic, Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*.

The men who went down to the sea in whalers chose a job that was both dangerous and boring. Trips frequently lasted as long as five years, and one Nantucket captain spent only six of his 41 whaling years at home. Sometimes a captain came back with enough oil from one cruise to retire for life. But there is also the story of the skipper who spent two years at sea

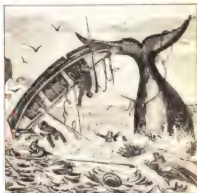


Illustration by Annette

OLD WHALERS & ADVERSARY

With luck, rotten food and whippings...

and returned to tell his owners. "We didn't get a single goddam barrel of oil, but we had a goddam fine sail." For the average crewman the money rewards were trifling. All he could look forward to with certainty was maggoty food, cramped and filthy quarters, brutal whippings if he complained, and, since casualties were high, a good chance that he would get sea burial. Officers who died were sometimes kept aboard and brought home in a barrel of rum that was saved and used on the next trip as rations for the crew.

Author Whipple has succeeded in conveying the excitement of his subject without letting romance obscure the unpretty aspects of it. *Yankee Whaling* has its quota of brown island girls clamoring aboard ship eager to be nice to the white men. It also tells of islands where seemingly mild natives suddenly turned on crews and destroyed them. And there was always the chance that the whalers' crew would run into cannibals and wind up in haking ovens as "long pie."

But the great adversary was Mr. Big himself the whale. The real Mocha Dick (who inspired Melville's *Moby*) was a white-rogue whale. His record—fourteen whaleboats smashed, 30 men killed, and victory in more than a hundred watery battles. One story has it that a Swedish whaler captured Mocha in 1859. "He was

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old and worn out from his countless battles, and he was beyond struggling when the lance finally gouged into his lungs . . . When the Swedes got his carcass alongside, they found he was blind in his right eye and had 19 harpoon points corroding his leathery hide."

RECENT & READABLE

The Eternal Smile & Other Stories, by Pär Lagerkvist. A fine collection of stories and fables from the inventive mind of the Swedish Nobel Prizewinner, ranging from childish charm to ghostlike horror (TIME, June 28).

Hackeneller's Ape, by Brigid Brophy. Romance among apes can be very human and very funny, as seen in a young novelist's bright satire (TIME, June 28).

A Child of the Century, by Ben Hecht. A big, disorganized and frequently fascinating look in the mirror by a prolific softie who always made like a toughie (TIME, June 21).

Mary Anne, by Daphne du Maurier. A royal duke, a scheming mistress, a scandal that shakes the House of Commons—in other words, all that Du Maurier fans need for a happy evening (TIME, June 21).

Guignol's Band, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. A preposterous but amusing nightmare about pimps, trolls and deadbeats in World War I London (TIME, June 14).

The Victorian Chaise Longue, by Marghanita Laski. A slight but chilling tale about a girl who strayed from the 20th century into the 19th (TIME, June 14).

An English Year, by Nan Fairbrother. An Englishwoman's beautifully written reflections on changing nature, growing children and the wonders of life in general (TIME, June 7).

Madame de Pompadour, by Nancy Mitford. A life of Louis XV's dazzling mistress, done up in rich literary brocades by a fine British writer (TIME, June 7).

Chinese Gordon: The Story of a Hero, by Lawrence & Elizabeth Hanson. A first-rate biography of the odd but dazzling fish who was Victorian England's shining knight (TIME, May 31).

The Tunnel of Love, by Peter De Vries. A punny farce about sin and redemption in suburban Connecticut (TIME, May 24).

The Courts of Memory, by Frank Rooney. One of the year's best first novels, although tedious in spots, about the lost generation of the '30s and its conformist nonconformists (TIME, May 17).

The Reason Why, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Best and most fascinating account to date of the most glorious snafu in military history: the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava (TIME, May 10).

The Fire-Raisers, by Marris Murray. A vivid, moody story about a South African valley and its wily-nilly incendiaries (TIME, April 26).

Minutes of the Last Meeting, by Gene Fowler. More stories about those three Hollywood musketeers, John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and Author Fowler, disguised as a biography of their colleague and poetic oracle, Sadakichi Hartmann (TIME, April 5).

Move Mountains



... of gravel and earth



Official U.S. Marine Corps photograph

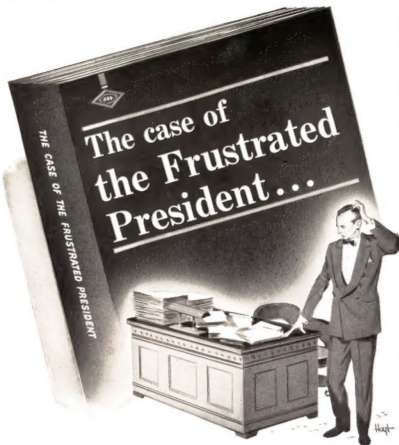
... of shells and supplies

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Arbitration. In Newark, picketing his own auto laundry, Owner George Schaner-man explained: "The boys have been striking for two weeks and they're tired. What the heck, I'm a regular guy."

Absolute Standard. In Chicago, suing for divorce, Edward Babacz, 35, testified that his wife Josephine, 27, "makes me do the dishes, the cooking, the laundry, the shopping, care for the children and wax the floors. If they don't shine as they do in TV commercials, then she makes me do them over again."

Show Stopper. In Louisville, attending a convention of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, Harry Albacker had to cancel his act because someone had stolen a suitcase containing his 10-ft., 60-lb. python.

Clock Watcher. In Berlin, accused of failing to arrest a man fleeing a robbery, Policeman Erwin Plessow was sentenced to seven weeks in jail when he explained that he was due to get off duty in three minutes and could not possibly have caught the thief in that time.

All for Love. In London, an appellate court, moved by Mrs. Lily Green's complaint that automobile accident injuries made it painful for her to kiss, doubled the £500 (\$1,400) damages awarded her by a lower court.

Liquidation. In Douglas, Ariz., while his parents were away on vacation, Glenn Prescott, 35, sold two family blankets for \$22, the radio-phonograph for \$20, his father's bar bells for \$13, allegedly cashed his father's \$15 pension and \$85 Social Security checks, was arrested while trying to sell the family washing machine.

Amateur Spirit. In Liedekerke, Belgium, the Silver Post Anglers' Club held a lottery to distribute \$100 in prizes after the 125 competitors in a fishing contest failed to catch anything.

A Heap o' Livin'. In Hartford, Conn., Salesman John Holmes, advertising in the *Courant*, offered to sell "... 40 acres of Pin Oaks and Black snakes. Old-world charm includes sagging floors, tortuous stairway and draughty fireplaces... Dandy opportunity to toughen up wife and kiddies..." reported several nibbles the first day.

Circumstantial Evidence. In Boston, Judge Frederick V. McMenimen called Antonio Sardo, 49, "neurotic" for accusing his wife Madeline, 37, of infidelity after she testified that she had been taking care of her ailing mother, supervised all her husband's bookkeeping, worked side by side with him every day in his carpet-cleaning establishment, borne him 16 children.

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